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776 823 sacks, into which they put the grain. They then went to a place which is still pointed out and called "*Gué* Gutumé Yatsheyn gau boki," or "The place of the demons' loads at the hollow"—Gué being the Shiná name for the present village of Grukōt. There they brought up a huge flat stone—which is still shown—and made it into a kind of pan, "tawa," for the preparation of bread. But the morning dawned and obliged them to disappear; they converted the sacks and their contents into earthen mounds, which have the shape of baskets and are still shown.

I.—The Wedding of Demons.

776 539 A Shikari (sportsman) was once hunting in the hills. He had taken provisions with him for five days. On the sixth day he found himself without any food. Excited and fatigued by his fruitless expedition, he wandered into the deepest mountain recesses, careless whither he went as long as he could find water to assuage his thirst, and a few wild berries to allay his hunger. Even that search was unsuccessful, and, tired and hungry, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. Even that comfort was denied him, and, nearly maddened with the situation, he again arose and looked around him. It was the first or second hour of night, and, at a short distance, he descried a large fire blazing a most cheerful welcome to the hungry, and now chilled, wanderer. He approached it quietly, hoping to meet some other sportsman who might provide him with food. Coming near the fire, he saw a very large and curious assembly of giants, eating, drinking, and singing. In great terror, he wanted to make his way back, when one of the assembly, who had a squint in his eye, got up for the purpose of fetching water for the others. He overtook him, and asked him whether he was a "child of man." Half dead with terror, he could scarcely answer that he was, when the demon invited him to join them at the meeting, which was described to be a wedding party. The Shikari replied: "You are a demon, and will destroy me"; on which the spirit took an oath, *by the sun and the moon*, that

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he certainly would not do so. He then hid him under a bush and went back with the water. He had scarcely returned when a plant was torn out of the ground and a small aperture was made, into which the giants managed to throw all their property, and, gradually making themselves thinner and thinner, themselves vanished into the ground through it. Our sportsman was then taken by the hand by the friendly demon, and, before he knew how, he himself glided through the hole and found himself in a huge apartment, which was splendidly illuminated. He was placed in a corner where he could not be observed. He received some food, and gazed in mute astonishment on the assembled spirits. At last, he saw the mother of the bride taking her daughter's head into her lap and weeping bitterly at the prospect of her departure into another household. Unable to control her grief, and in compliance with an old Shin custom, she began the singing of the evening by launching into the following strains:

SONG OF THE MOTHER.

ORIGINAL:—

Ajjaya Birúni[1] *may pallu, shikk newfy,*
(Thy) mother's Birúni! my little darling, ornaments will wear,
Awa Buldar Bútshe aayai hafp hey kani,
(Whilst) here at Buldar Bútshe the heavens dark will become,
Nágeri Phall Tshútsha Kawi mirdni ia,
The Nagari (of race) Phall Tshútshe of Khaza the prince will come,
Thyn Mirkha mulina tshi gim hafty,
Thy Mirkha father-from new corn will be distributed.
Sátth Yaha aay be! Shadú Malik hajam thiam.
Seven rivers' water be! Shadu Malik a going will make,
Thy Mirkana mula Tshi gi hage.
Thy Mirkana, father, now ghee will distribute.

TRANSLATION:—

"Oh, Birúni, thy mother's own; thou, little darling, wilt wear ornaments, whilst to me, who will remain here at Buldar Butshe, the heavens will appear dark. The prince of Lords of Phall Tshutshe race is coming from Nagyr; and Mirkana, thy father, now distributes corn (as an act of welcome). Be (as fruitful and pleasant) as the water of *seven rivers*, for Shadu Malik (the prince) is determined to start, and now thy father Mirkana is distributing ghee (as a compliment to the departing guest)."

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[1] The father's name was Mir Khan. The daughter's name was Birani. The bridegroom's name was Shadu Malik of Nagyr, of Phall Tshutshe race, and the place of the wedding was Buldar Butshe.

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776 539 The Shikari began to enjoy the scene and would have liked to have stayed, but his squinting friend told him now that he could not be allowed to remain any longer. So he got up, but before again vanishing through the above-mentioned aperture into the human world, he took a good look at the demons. To his astonishment he beheld on the shoulders of one a shawl which he had safely left at home. Another held his gun; a third was eating out of his own dishes; one had his many-coloured stockings on, and another disported himself in pidjamas (drawers) which he only ventured to put on, on great occasions. He also saw many of the things that had excited his admiration among the property of his neighbours in his native village, being most familiarly used by the demons. He scarcely could be got to move away, but his friendly guide took hold of him and brought him again to the place where he had first met him. On taking leave he gave him three loaves of bread. As his village was far off, he consumed two of the loaves on the road. On reaching home, he found his father, who had been getting rather anxious at his prolonged absence. To him he told all that had happened, and showed him the remaining loaf, of which the old man ate half. His mother, a good housewife, took the remaining half and threw it into a large granary, where, as it was the season of Sharó (autumn), a sufficient store of flour had been placed for the use of the family during the winter. Strange to say, that half-loaf brought luck, for demons mean it sometimes kindly to the children of men, and only hurt them when they consider themselves offended. The granary remained always full, and the people of the village rejoiced with the family, for they were liked and were good people.

It also should be told that as soon as the Shikari came home he looked after his costly shawl, dishes, and clothes, but he found all in its proper place and perfectly uninjured. On inquiring amongst his neighbours he also found that they too had not lost anything. He was much astonished at all this, till an old woman who had a great reputation for wisdom,

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told him that this was the custom of demons, and that they invariably borrowed the property of mankind for their weddings, and as invariably restored it. On occasions of rejoicings amongst them they felt kindly towards mankind. 776 539

Thus ends one of the prettiest tales that I have heard.

2.—The Demon's Present of Coals is Turned into Gold.

Something similar to what has just been related, is said to have happened at Doyur, on the road from Gilgit to Nagyr. A man of the name of Phûko had a son named Laskirr, who, one day going out to fetch water was caught by a Yatsh, who tore up a plant ("reeds" ?) "phuru" and entered with the lad into the fissure which was thereby created. He brought him to a large palace in which a number of goblins, male and female, were diverting themselves. He there saw all the valuables of the inhabitants of his village. A wedding was being celebrated and the mother sang:—

Cûra lagé dêy, Bushêly Khatûni.
Cûra lagé dêy, hahá hahá!!
Ci lagé dêy, Bushêly Khatûnim.
Ci lagé dêy, hahá hahá!!
Mura lagé dêy, Bushêly Khatûni.
Mûra lagé dêy, hahá hahá!!
Mâ lagé dêy, hahá hahá!! &c., &c.

Translation:—

Cura is being distributed, daughter of Bushêl.
Cura is being distributed, hurrah! hurrah! (Chorus.)
Ghee is being distributed, &c. (Chorus.)
Meat is being distributed, &c. (Chorus.)
Wine is being distributed, &c., &c. (Chorus.)

On his departure, the demon gave him a sackful of coals, and conducted him through the aperture made by the tearing up of the reed, towards his village. The moment the demon had left, the boy emptied the sack of the coals and went home, when he told his father what had happened. In the emptied sack they found a small bit of coal, which, as soon as they touched it, became a gold coin, very much to the regret of the boy's father, who would have liked his son to have brought home the whole sackful.

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B.—"Barai," "Peris," "Fairies."

776 They are handsome, in contradistinction to the Yatsh
539 or Demons, and stronger; they have a beautiful castle on the top of the Nanga Parbat or Dyarmul (so called from being inaccessible). This castle is made of crystal, and the people fancy they can see it. They call it "Shell-latte-kit" or "Castle of Glass-stone."

1.—The Sportsman and the Castle of the Fairies.

Once a sportsman ventured up the Nanga Parbat. To his surprise he found no difficulty, and venturing farther and farther, he at last reached the top. There he saw a beautiful castle made of glass, and pushing one of the doors he entered it, and found himself in a most magnificent apartment. Through it he saw an open space that appeared to be the garden of the castle, but there was in it only one tree of excessive height, and which was entirely composed of pearls and corals. The delighted sportsman filled his sack in which he carried his corn, and left the place, hoping to enrich himself by the sale of the pearls. As he was going out of the door he saw an innumerable crowd of serpents following him. In his agitation he shouldered the sack and attempted to run, when a pearl fell out. It was eagerly swallowed by a serpent which immediately disappeared. The sportsman, glad to get rid of his pursuers at any price, threw pearl after pearl to them, and in every case it had the desired effect. At last, only one serpent remained, but for her (a fairy in that shape?) he found no pearl; and urged on by fear, he hastened to his village, Tarsing, which is at the very foot of the Nanga Parbat. On entering his house, he found it in great agitation; bread was being distributed to the poor as they do at funerals, for his family had given him up as lost. The serpent still followed and stopped at the door. In despair, the man threw the corn-sack at her, when lo! a pearl glided out. It was eagerly swallowed by the serpent, which immediately disappeared. However, the man was not the same being as before. He was ill for days, and in about a fortnight after the events narrated, died, for fairies never forgive a man who has surprised their secrets.

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2.—The Fairy who Punished her Human Lover.

It is not believed in Astor that fairies ever marry human beings, but in Gilgit there is a legend to that effect. A famous sportsman, Kibá Lorí, who never returned empty-handed from any excursion, kept company with a fairy to whom he was deeply attached. Once in the hot weather the fairy said to him not to go out shooting during "the seven days of the summer," "Caniculars," which are called "Bardá," and are supposed to be the hottest days in Dardistan. "I am," said she, "obliged to leave you for that period, and, mind, you do not follow me." The sportsman promised obedience and the fairy vanished, saying that he would certainly die if he attempted to follow her. Our love-intoxicated Nimrod, however, could not endure her absence. On the fourth day he shouldered his gun and went out with the hope of meeting her. Crossing a range, he came upon a plain, where he saw an immense gathering of game of all sorts and his beloved fairy milking a "Kill" (markhor) and gathering the milk into a silver vessel. The noise which Kibá Lorí made caused the animal to start and to strike out with his legs, which upset the silver vessel. The fairy looked up, and to her anger beheld the disobedient lover. She went up to him and, after reproaching him, struck him in the face. But she had scarcely done so when despair mastered her heart, and she cried out in the deepest anguish that "he now must die within four days." "However," she said, "do shoot one of these animals, so that people may not say that you have returned empty-handed." The poor man returned crestfallen to his home, lay down, and died on the fourth day.

C.—Davall = Wizards and Witches.

The gift of second sight, or rather the intercourse with fairies, is confined to a few families in which it is hereditary. The wizard is made to inhale the fumes of a fire which is lit with the wood of the *tókli*[1] (Panjabí = Vadam), a kind

[1] Elsewhere called *tóli*.

D.—Historical Legend of the Origin of Gilgit.

"Once upon a time there lived a race at Gilgit, whose 537
origin is uncertain. Whether they sprang from the soil, or had immigrated from a distant region, is doubtful; so much is believed, that they were Guyugi or spontaneous, aborigines, unknown. Over them ruled a monarch who was a descendant of the evil spirits, the Yatsh, that terrorized over the world. His name was Shirthudur, and he resided at a castle, in front of which there was a course for the performance of the manly game of Polo. (See my Hunza Nagyr Handbook.) His tastes were capricious, and in every one of his actions his fiendish origin could be discerned. The natives bore his rule with resignation, for what could they effect against a monarch at whose command even magic aids were placed? However, the country was rendered fertile, and round the capital bloomed attractive gardens.

"The heavens, or rather the virtuous Peris, at last grew tired of his tyranny, for he had crowned his iniquities by indulging in a propensity for cannibalism. This taste had been developed by an accident. One day his cook brought him some mutton broth, the like of which he had never tasted. After much inquiry as to the nature of the food on which the sheep had been brought up, it was eventually traced to an old woman, its first owner. She stated that her child and the sheep were born on the same day, and losing the former, she had consoled herself by suckling the latter. This was a revelation to the tyrant. He had discovered the secret of the palatability of the broth, and was determined to have a never-ending supply of it. So he ordered that his kitchen should be regularly provided with children of tender age, whose flesh, when converted into broth, would remind him of the exquisite dish he had once so much relished. This cruel order was carried out. The people of the country were dismayed at such a state of things, and sought slightly to improve it by sacrificing, in the first place, all orphans and children of neighbouring tribes! The tyrant, however, was insatiable, and soon was his cruelty felt by many families at Gilgit, who were compelled to give up their children to slaughter.

539 — "Relief came at last. At the top of the mountain Ko, which it takes a day to ascend, and which overlooks the village of Doyor, below Gilgit, on the side of the river, appeared three figures. They looked like men, but much more strong and handsome. In their arms they carried bows and arrows, and turning their eyes in the direction of Doyor, they perceived innumerable flocks of sheep and cattle grazing on a prairie between that village and the foot of the mountain. The strangers were fairies, and had come (perhaps from Nagyr ?) to this region with the view of ridding Gilgit of the monster that ruled over it. However, this function was confined to the two elder ones. The three strangers were brothers, and none of them had been here at the same time. It was their intention to make Aayo Shemshar, the youngest, Rajah of Gilgit, and, in order to achieve their purpose, they hit upon the following plan.

"On the already-noticed plain, which is called Dishingil, a sportive calf was gambolling towards and away from its mother. It was the pride of its owner, and its brilliant red colour could be seen from a distance. 'Let us see who is the best marksman,' exclaimed the eldest, and saying this, he shot an arrow in the direction of the calf, but missed his aim. The second brother also tried to hit it, but also failed. At last, Aayo Shemshar, who took a deep interest in the sport, shot his arrow, which pierced the poor animal from side to side and killed it. The brothers, whilst descending, congratulated Aayo on his [illegible] and on arriving at the spot where the calf was lying, proceeded to cut its throat, and to take out from its body *the nishis, namely the kidneys and the liver.*

"They then roasted these delicacies, and invited Aayo to partake of them first. He respectfully declined, on the ground of his youth; but they urged him to do so, 'in order,' they said, 'to reward you for such an excellent shot.' Scarcely had the meat touched the lips of Aayo, than the brothers got up, and vanishing into the air, called out, 'Brother! you have touched impure food, which Paris never should eat, and we have made use of your ignorance

of this law, because we want to make you a human 139
being,* who shall rule over Gilgit; remain therefore at Doyur.'

'Aaru in deep grief at the separation, cried, 'Why remain at Doyur, unless it be to grind corn?' 'Then,' said the brothers, 'go to Gilgit.' 'Why,' was the reply, 'go to Gilgit, unless it be to work in the gardens?' 'No, no,' was the last and crowning rejoinder; 'you will assuredly become the king of this country, and deliver it from its merciless oppressor.'

'No more was heard of the departing fairies, and Aaru remained by himself, endeavouring to gather consolation from the great mission which had been bestowed on him. A villager met him, and, struck by his appearance, offered him shelter in his house. Next morning he went on the roof of his host's house, and calling out to him to come up, pointed to the Ko mountain, on which, he said, he plainly discerned a wild goat. The incredulous villager began to fear he had harboured a maniac, if no worse character; but Aaru shot off his arrow, and accompanied by the villager (who had assembled some friends for protection, as he was afraid his young guest might be an associate of robbers, and lead him into a trap), went in the direction of the mountain. There, to be sure, at the very spot that had been pointed out, though many miles distant, was lying the wild goat, with Aaru's arrow transfixing its body. The astonished peasants at once hailed him as their leader, but he exacted an oath of secrecy from them, for he had come to deliver them from their tyrant, and would keep his incognito till such time as his plans for the destruction of the monster were matured.

'He then took leave of the hospitable people of Doyur, and went to Gilgit. On reaching the place, which is scarcely four miles distant from Doyur, he announced himself by prowling about in the gardens adjoining the royal residence. There he met one of the female companions of Shirbudeo's daughter (*pari* in Hill Punjabi, *Shadeky* in Gilgiti) fetching water for the princess, a lady both

* Eating meat was the process of incarnation.

§39 remarkably handsome, and of a sweet disposition. The companion rushed back, and told the young lady to look from over the ramparts of the castle at a wonderfully handsome young man whom she had just met. The princess placed herself in a spot from which she could observe any one approaching the fort. Her maid then returned, and induced Azro to come with her on the Polo ground, the "Shawaran," in front of the castle; the princess was smitten with his beauty and at once fell in love with him. She then sent word to the young prince to come and see her. When he was admitted into her presence, he for a long time denied being anything else than a common labourer. At last, he confessed to being a fairy's child, and the over-joyed princess offered him her heart and hand. It may be mentioned here that the tyrant Shirbadam had a wonderful horse, which could cross a mile at every jump, and which its rider had accustomed to jump both into and out of the fort, over its walls. So regular were the leaps which that famous animal could take, that he invariably alighted at a distance of a mile from the fort and at the same place.

"On that very day on which the princess had admitted young Azro into the fort, King Shirbadam was out hunting, of which he was desperately fond, and to which he used sometimes to devote a week or two at a time. We must now return to Azro, whom we left conversing with the princess. Azro remained silent when the lady confessed her love. Urged to declare his sentiments, he said that he would not marry her unless she bound herself to him by the most stringent oath; this she did, and *they became as the right of God as if they were united man and wife.*' He then announced that he had come to destroy her father, and asked her to kill him herself. This she refused; but as she had sworn to aid him in every way she could, he finally induced her to promise that she would ask her father *where his soul was.* 'Refuse food,' said Azro, 'for three or four days, and your father, who is devotedly fond

* The story of the famous beam, the love-making between Azro and the Princess, the manner of their marriage and other incidents connected with the expulsion of the tyrant deserve attention.

of you will ask for the reason of your strange conduct; 539
then say, "Father, you are often staying away from me for several days at a time, and I am getting distressed lest something should happen to you; do reassure me by letting me know where your soul is, and let me feel certain that your life is safe." This the princess promised to do, and when her father returned refused food for several days. The anxious Shirihadatt made inquiries, to which she replied by making the already-named request. The tyrant was for a few moments thrown into mute astonishment, and finally refused compliance with her preposterous demand. The love-smitten lady went on starving herself, till at last her father, fearful for his daughter's life, told her not to fret herself about him, as *his soul was [of course?] in the mares*, and that he could only perish by fire. The princess communicated this information to her lover. Azro went back to Doyor and the villages around, and assembled his faithful peasants. Them he asked to take twigs of the *ke-tree* or *tuki*, bind them together and light them—then to proceed in a body with the torches to the castle in a circle, keep close together, and surround it on every side. He then went and dug out a very deep hole, as deep as a well, in the place where Shirihadatt's horse used to alight, and covered it with green boughs. The next day he received information that the torches (*tuki* in Gilgiti and *Lowe* in Astori) were ready. He at once ordered the villagers gradually to draw near the fort in the manner which he had already indicated.

"King Shirihadatt was then sitting in his castle; near him his treacherous daughter, who was so soon to lose her parent. All at once he exclaimed, 'I feel very close; go out, dearest, and see what has happened.' The girl went out, and saw torches approaching from a distance; but fancying it to be something connected with the plans of her husband, she went back, and said it was nothing. The torches came nearer and nearer, and the tyrant became exceedingly restless. 'Air, air,' he cried, 'I feel very, very ill; do see, daughter, what is the matter.' The dutiful

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539 lady went, and returned with the same answer as before. At last, the torch-bearers had fairly surrounded the fort, and Shiribadatt, with a presentiment of impending danger, rushed out of the room, saying 'that he felt he was dying.' He then ran to the stables and mounted his favourite charger, and with one blow of the whip made him jump over the wall of the castle. Faithful to its habit, the noble animal alighted at the same place, but alas! only to find itself engulfed in a treacherous pit. Before the king had time to extricate himself, the villagers had run up with their torches. 'Throw them upon him,' cried Azru. With one accord all the blazing wood was thrown upon Shiribadatt, who miserably perished. Azru was then most enthusiastically proclaimed king, celebrated his nuptials with the fair traitor, *and, as sole tribute, exacted the offering of one sheep, instead of that of a human child, annually from every* 527 *one of the natives.*[*] This custom has prevailed down to the present day, and the people of Shin, wherever they be, celebrate their delivery from the rule of a monster, and the inauguration of a more humane government, in the month preceding the beginning of winter—a month which they call Duwakió or Daykió—after the full moon is over and the new moon has set in. The day of this national celebration is called 'nás tshill,' 'the feast of firs.' The day generally follows four or five days after the meat provision for the winter has been laid in to dry. A few days of rejoicing precede the special festivity, which takes place at night. Then all the men of the villages go forth, having torches in their hands, which, at the sound of music, they swing round their heads, and throw in the direction of Gilgit, if they are at any distance from that place; whilst the people of Gilgit throw them indifferently about the plain in which that town, if town it may be called, is situated. When the throwing away of the brands is over, every man

[*] Possibly this legend is one of the causes of the unfounded reputation of cannibalism which was given by Kashmiris and others to the Dards before 1866, and of which one Dardu tribe accuses another, with which, even if it should reside in a neighbouring valley, it may have no intercourse. I refer elsewhere to the custom of drinking a portion of the blood of an enemy, to which my two Kafirs confessed.—("Dardistan," Part III.)

½ [Cf. category 116, pp. 9-14 -- Analyst]

returns to his house, where a curious custom is observed. He finds the door locked. The wife then asks: 'Where have you been all night? I won't let you come in now.' Then her husband entreats her and says, 'I have brought you property, and children, and happiness, and everything you desire.' Then, after some further parley, the door is opened, and the husband walks in. He is, however, stopped by a beam which goes across the room, whilst all the females of the family rush into an inner apartment to the eldest lady of the place. The man then commences sullenness and refuses to advance, when the repenting wife launches into the following song:—

Original:—

Ah nái shábilo, wé mují tshé.
I of thee glad am, oh Rajah's favourite with ribáhu!
Ah nái shábilo, wé mokpo jhúm.
I of thee glad am, oh mastiff's rider.
Ah nái shábilo, wé tsemáh ghúm.
I of thee glad am, oh grain-owner. [Evidently a modern interpolation.]
Ah nái shábilo, wé dungúr ghúm.
I of thee glad am, oh sweetmeat-owner.
Ah nái shábilo, wé tshúpin hówa.
I of thee glad am, oh mantle-wearer.
Ah nái shábilo, shé mul di ghúma.
I of thee glad am, pleasure's price giving I will buy.
Ah nái shábilo, wé yúwy tshúma.
I of thee glad am, oh cow-keep!
Shábilo shé mul di ghúma.
Rejoicing pleasure's price giving I will buy.
Ah nái shábilo, wé ghí thúa.
I of thee glad am, oh ghee-bull.
Shábilo shé mul di ghúma.
Rejoicing pleasure's price giving I will buy.

Translation:—

Thou hast made me glad! thou favourite of the Rajah!
Thou hast rejoiced me, oh bold horseman!
I am pleased with thee who so well canst gun and sword!
Thou hast delighted me, oh thou who art invested with a mantle of honour!
Oh great happiness! I will buy it all by giving pleasure's price.
Oh thou [nourishment to us] a heap of corn and a store of ghee!
Delighted will I buy it all by giving pleasure's price!

"Then the husband relents and steps over the partition beam. They all sit down, dine together, and thus end the festivities of the 'Nás.' The little domestic scene is not observed at Gilgit; but it is thought to be an essen-

§ 2. 7 Old elements in the celebration of the day by people whose
1. 4 ancestors may have been ministers of the Gilgit Raja Azro Shemsher, and by whom they may have been determined to their houses with costly presents.

" The song itself is, however, well known as Gilgit.

§ 3. " When Azro had nobly ascended the throne, he ordered the tyrant's palace to be levelled to the ground. The willing prisoners, manufacturing spades of iron, ' KHL,' flocked to accomplish a grateful task, and sang whilst demolishing his castle :

Chorus :—

Khro Dun Shirkyan Bodde Ali hard
[and] hard with Shiri and Bodun !" why hard ?
Dhum Singhi Khoti sore
Dun Singh's Khoti [a] hard.
By shooting with thy cole pleads Mine
[With] the iron spade my palace [you] do
Behold ! with thunder struckes Dhum Singh's
Khoti hard as adamant [alike]
Khoti hard ; [with] the iron spade
Up ruthgo pleasantly, behold
Thy palace may I level, behold !

Translation :—

" " My nature is of a hard metal," said Shiri and Bodun. " Why hard ? I Khoto, the son of the greatest Dun Singh, am more hardy ; with the iron spade I rose to the ground thy kingly house. Behold now, although thou art of rare ornament, of thunder striking, I, Dun Singh's son, am of hard metal ; for with the iron spade I level thy very palace ; look on ! look on ! "

§ 4. 7 During the Nauroz [evidently because it is not a
§ 5. 4 national festival] and the Eid, none of these national Shin songs are sung. Eggs are dyed in different colours and people go about amusing themselves by trying which eggs are hardest by striking the end of one against the end of another. The possessor of the hard egg wins the broken one. The women, however, amuse themselves on these days by tying ropes to trees and swinging themselves about on them.

* Elsewhere called " Shirkhodun " in our notes.

RIDDLES, PROVERBS AND FABLES. 639

A. RIDDLES.

[illegible]

a. *Tiddidinga widdiney kadil.*
"The perpendicular carpenter's sparrow's nest.
The body's sparrow's hole."

[illegible]

b. *Mig amil kiya, sinu dunya, kit dunu my sister is an Ass [she] walks, at night does [illegible] sit; kiya."*
behind; know!

"Now know! My sister walks in the day-time and at night stands behind the door." As "Sin" "Sinik" also means a stick, ordinarily called "Kanni" in Amuri, the riddle means: "I have a stick which assists me in walking by day and which I put behind the door at night."

β. The Gilgitis say "mity kilin tel pay; dashma"=my brother has three feet; explain now. This means a man's two legs and a stick.

[illegible]

c. *Kattri mit dikh dinen dinen-kit; dinen sungu-kit, kaja.*
My grandfather's body [is] in Harbu; his beard [is in] this world, [now] explain!

This riddle is explained by "radish," whose body is in the earth and whose sprouts, compared to a beard, are above the ground. Remarkable above all, however, is that the unknown future state, referred to in this riddle, should be called, whether blessed or cursed, "Dewalik" [the place of Gods] by these unwitting Mohammedans. This world is called "Sarpalik,"=the world of serpents. "Sarpa" is also the name for man. "Lok" is "place," but the name by itself is not at present understood by the Shins.

* Words having emotion, such as "know," "explain," etc., etc., are generally put at the end of riddles.

a woman.

[139] 5. *E. mely nara chichidji ngde, Ngoma my father's mother on her head fire is burning.*

The top of the Hooks is the dead's or grandmother's head

a woman.

6. *Tuding gunje nai nihei*

"Darkness from the house the female demon is coming out," viz., "out of the dark sheath the beautiful, but destructive, soul issues." It is remarkable that the female Vaish should be called "Bit."

two women.

7. *Lilo bukuri shi nihi ki ka—kiga!*

In the rat sheep's pen white young ones many are—stood!

This refers to the Rat-trapper bush in which there are many white seeds.

8. PROVERB.

women.

To an old man people say:

8. *Ta djowa nahi chichang* { "You are old and have then and old brains delivered, } "get rid of your senses."

[141] Old women are very much troubled and are accused of creating mischief wherever they go.

WIVES TO THEIR HUSBANDS.

9. (C.) *Djowanda kowara dgowan, djowanda kaichowan*

In youth's time I gave, in old age I demand.

"When young I gave away, now that I am old you should support me."

A MOTHER CHILD, ETC., ETC.

10. *Ei shawa ngdwa chichi dagbai chang chi!*

Once in five you have been born, a second time take care!

TWO CONNECTIONS, ETC., ETC.

11. *Ei khaichi kichabi kiji kaki dawata cha.*

One bad sheep if there be, to the whole flock is an insult = One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock.

12. *Ei khaichi mamiji kaichi cha-e-mo* bad man is to all an insult.

* The abbreviations "(L)" and "(R)" stand respectively for "to the (Right Sides)" and "to the (Left Sides)"

ADVICE TO KEEP GOOD COMPANY.

13. A. *Mûshte mumjin—kutshi hîjate, to mûshte utsha*
Kutshe mumjin—kutshi hîjate, to kutshe utsha 539*

Where you [who are bad?] are sitting near a good man you learn good things.

Where you [who are bad?] are sitting near a bad man you learn bad things.

This proverb is not very intelligible, if literally translated.

SHOWS HOW ONE IS TO BEHAVE, ETC., ETC.

14. *Tûs mûte mî: mey shughale ni kam, mee kute mûte: to ke kame?*" Tell me: my friend is such and such a one, I will tell you who you are."

UNGRATEFULNESS.

15. *Shikhârî kâwa gî shing shute thi—kawa tshîtal ney kshtal tûjumâ.*

"Into the city he went horse to place (acquire), but care he not thus he did. He went to acquire horse and got his own ear off."

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.

Dî di, putsh kâk—"give the daughter and eat the son," is a Gilgit proverb with regard to how one ought to treat an enemy. The recommendation given is: "marry your daughter to your foe and thus kill him." [by which you get a male's head which is more valuable than that of a female.] The Dards have sometimes acted on this maxim in order to lull the suspicions of their Kashmir enemies.*

C. PAIRS.

THE WOMAN AND THE MAN.

16. *Eyâ tshîshâyne kshîti ek mettî; ame ame shâl (kawa) dîti; mettâje-ne kshîtîte ramnat tûs mêt; kuli dîi dîje* (kawa, grain) *ruggo tsee grinding thî; ni thawa lang kîli; kshîti dîe jûje, mettî thee; this one old gut; the lion's stomach burning, dead.*

MORAL.—*Kuniye ramat mat kami*—the meaning of this is this:

Ek ame thî dîje lang kîli.
Much to gain the little lost becomes.

* The very many years ago the Dhonia culture in smoking shepherds and in consider themselves victorious if they had robbed more sheep than they had lost men.

Translation.

§ 39 A woman had a hen; it used to lay one golden egg; the woman thought that if she gave much food it would lay two eggs; but she lost even the one, for the hen died, its stomach bursting.

MORAL.—People often lose the little they have by aspiring to more.

13. THE SPARROW AND THE MOUNTAIN.

"A sparrow who tried to kick the mountain himself toppled over."

Ghundúr-a tchúde—atti pajjú dow thi mátu gí.
The sparrow with the mountain kicked fell even.

14. THE BAT OVERTURNS THE HEAVENS.

The bat is in the habit of sleeping on its back. It is believed to be very proud. It is supposed to say as it lies down and stretches its legs towards heaven, "This I do so that when the heavens fall down I may be able to support them."

Tchúd mán atte—ta jaw ástata angúl—wand.
A bat on night sleeping its legs upwards heaven—would
thawa; angúl mátti—ta pán—gí asmane thawa.
down; the heaven which falling with my feet uphold I will.

15. "EITHER YOU'LL BECOME A HORSE OR SERVANT A KING" SO YOU WILL GET KICKED IN EITHER CASE.

mújhe jhalawi ní ki; rujjí wanúkand ní ki.
home behind sun walk; rája in front sun walk.

16. THERE IS STRENGTH.

"A bottle cannot balance itself on one stone; on three, however, it does."

Ek pátruk / ik gruthen-yat dik ní yamjúnin; tre[n] pátruk á.
Ek one / one stone on a bottle not stays; three stones on
dik yamjún.
a bottle stay.

The Gilgiti instead of "ye" = "upon" say "dik."

"Gruthen" is, I believe, used for a stone [ordinarily "thun"] only in the above proverb.

* "Dik" = "thun" is pronounced like "thik"

91. THE FROG IN A DILEMMA.

"If I speak, the water will rush against my mouth, and if I keep silent I will die burning with rage." 539

This was said by a frog who was in the water and angry at something that occurred. If he croaked, he would be drowned by the water rushing down his throat, and if he did not croak he would burn with suppressed rage. This saying is often referred to by women when they are angry with their husbands, who may, perhaps, hear them if they say anything. A frog is called "mumik."

Tik thiow—to dar—jyo[a] *wuly hajé; ad thow*
Voice I do—if mouth in water will come; not do,

to fy wuss,
then burning I will die.

92. THE FOX AND THE CROCODILE.

When a man threatens a lot of people with impossible measures, the reply often is "Don't act like the fox 'Lôyo' who was carried away by the water." A fox one day fell into a river: as he swept past the shore he cried out, "The water is carrying off the universe." The people on the banks of the river said, "We can only see a fox whom the river is drifting down."

93. THE FOX AND THE POMEGRANATE.

Lôyo dand ad atchâtte cowee tshâwee
The fox the pomegranate not reached on account cow,

thâ: tshâwée dand.
spinning, cow it is.

"The fox wanted to eat pomegranates: as he could not reach them, he went to a *damson* and *biting his lips* [as "sâkowee" was explained by an Ameer although Gilgitis call it "sâkuppé,"] spat on the ground, saying, they are too sour." I venture to consider the conduct of this fox more cunning than the one of "sour grapes" memory. His biting his lips and, in consequence, spitting on the ground, would make his disappointed face really look as if he had tasted something sour.

[a] *Jyo*=(Dilgiti) mouth; *sen*=in the mouth; *hajé*=against the mouth. *Jaw*=(Ashreti) mouth; *tawe*=in the mouth; *wajé*=against the mouth.

In Lettow L-9 (1908-09) 1907 AV9 Dard AV9

SONGS.

THE GILGIT QUEEN AND THE MOGULS.

1. GILGITI WORD.

539 Once upon a time a Mogul army came down and surrounded the fort of Gilgit. At that time Gilgit was governed by a woman, Mirsáy Juwári* by name. She was the widow of a Rajah supposed to have been of Balti descent. The Lady seeing herself surrounded by enemies sang:

I. Mirsáy Juwári = Oh [daughter of] Mirsa, Juwári!
Shakerdy pál: dard = [There are a] eager cup: in the
Dunyá sang tartye = world [thy] light has shone

II. Alí Khánn* djálo = Alí Khán [my son] was born
Lambyi tey! lambár társ = [I thy mother] am thy sacrifice; the morning star
Nikáno = has risen

The meaning of this, according to my Gilgiti informant, is: Juwári laments that "I, the daughter of a brave King, am only a woman, a cup of pleasures, exposed to dangers from any one who wishes to sip from it. To my misfortune, my prominent position has brought me enemies. Oh, my dear son, for whom I would sacrifice myself, I have sacrificed you! Instead of preserving the Government for you, the morning-star which shines on its destruction has now risen on you."

SONGS OF DEFIANCE.

1. GILGITI WAR SONG.

In ancient times there was a war between the Rajahs of Hunza and Nagyr. Mulee and Báloo were their respective Wazeers. Mulee was killed and Báloo sang:

Gilgiti.

Alo, mardáney, Báloo-as: mú shen dey!
Múlee-as: mú shen dey!
Báloo-gu dis mújiy
Múlee mayáre dey

* [Her father was a Mirsa and she was, therefore, called Mirsáy.]
* Khán is pronounced Khánn for the sake of the metre.

L: Latimer L-S (1868-93) 1902? AV3 Dari AV3

English.

• 539 Hurrah! warriors, Bako [says]: *I* will do well
Muko [also says] *I* will do well
And Bako turned out to be the lion
[Whilst] Muko was [its prey], a [mere] Markhôr [the wild "snake-eating" goat]

LAMENT FOR THE ABSENT WARRIOR BY HIS MOTHER.

3. ANOTHER CHILTI WAR SONG.

Bişmillâyo mâng Kashîro
A Paradise [is the lot of whoever is struck by] the bullet of Kashîro!

Gôo mâlî, âjo Sahîb Khano*
He has gone, my child, mother of Sahîb Khano [to the wars].

Sawaggo kawî may jâlî hey?
And the sun when coming will it shining become?
(When will his return cause the sun again to shine for me?)

Mutchhûtchal shawg pasîyo
Of Mutchhutchal† the ravine he has conquered

Nîyakto bijîy, lamayo
Tu! my soul is in fear, oh my beloved child. [literally: oh my sacrifice]

Ardîno Dol‡ jo yajîy
To smash [conquer] Dolaja‡ is [yet necessary = has yet to be done].

Translation.

"The bullet of Kashîro sends many to Paradise. He has gone to the wars, oh my child and mother of Sahîb Khan! Will the sun ever shine for me by his returning? It is true that he has taken by assault the ravine of Mutchhutchal, but yet, oh beloved child, my soul is in fear for his fate, as the danger has not passed, since the village Dolaja yet remains to be conquered."

* Term of familiarity used in calling a daughter.
† Mutchhutchal is a narrow pass leading from Gilgit to Yasin.
‡ Dolaja is a village ahead of Mutchhutchal.

1: Letters L-S (1868-93) 1937 AV3 Dard AV3

4. THE SHIN SHAMMI SHAH.

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OLD NATIONAL SHINA SONG.

Shammi Shah Shaitingfy miltejo.
Shammi Shah Shaiting, from his courtyard.

Djálle	*tshiye*	*dilue*	*dín.*
The green fields'	birds	promenade	they give.
Nyé	*tsirtye*	*tshayóte*	*kéy kíjey.*
They (near)	twitter	birds	who fears?*
Tóni tow		*shindíle*	*dín*
From tree to tree		a whistle	they give.
Alldíttey	*pítsheye*	*miltejo.*	
Alldit's	grandson's	from the courtyard.	
Djálle	*tshaye*	*dilue*	*dín.*
The green fields	birds	promenade	give.
Nyé	*tsirtye*	*tshayóte*	*kéy kíjey.*
They	twitter	birds	who fears?*
Tóni tow : .		*shindíle*	*dín.*
From tree to tree : :		a whistling	they give.

Shammi Shah Shaiting was one of the founders of the Shin rule. His wife, although she sees her husband surrounded by women anxious to gain his good graces, rests secure in the knowledge of his affections belonging to her and of her being the mother of his children. She, therefore, ridicules the pretensions of her rivals, who, she fancies, will, at the utmost, only have a temporary success. In the above still preserved song she says, with a serene confidence, not shared by Indian wives.

Translation.

"In the very courtyard of Shammi Shá Shaiting,

"The little birds of the field flutter gaily about,

"Hear how they twitter; yet, who would fear little birds,

"That fly from tree to tree giving [instead of lasting love] a gay whistle?

"In the very courtyards of Alldit's grandson these birds flutter gaily about, yet who would fear them?

"Hear how they twitter, etc., etc., etc.

* [To this is contrasted with the Indian.]

5. A WOMAN'S SONG (GILGIT).

[THE DESERTED WIFE AND THE FAITHLESS HUSBAND.]

The Wife:

Mey kukuri Patan gayta hoyte djik tho?
My kukuri Pathán going be-at what am I to do?

Pipi kutsiow gurde dho; wuloo tykkiA.
Aunt! from the family he absence has given; I cannot.

Gá nikkow gud bring kkho dh;
And coloured silk spinning animal kind do-could.

Mit duddo tykir kill!
My milk-sweet late has become!

The Husband:

*Aoi Azuri ray**
That Azuri, (is) a Dumbar cedar [?]

Rajo, ai chumo? aoi Azuro ruk kkho.
Kingly, is it not so [my] love! That Azuri (thou) I have.

Aoi Wazirye chuyi gaz-mail, ai chumo?
This Wazir's child princess, am [is] love?

Kkho dupsjo gí kow; aoi pho
Thee from my waist (girdle) taking I'll sit; this beyond

tykkiye
the mountains.

Sáij wur tykkiye djwujjo tuto kyllo.
See this side's mountain birch tree (?) to you both.

Sinow tykkiow; aoi chil gudoye kiul — gu
Alike I love; This white hawk black and

Tykkiki[†] wuly kyid kkh; kulli puskjo
fragrant bag cuisse being sit; Thee on my turban

gí kupsin.
wearing I will sit.

* Now probably "ray" is the glen called the Pine Wilderness.

† See II., page 16, gives the following for "Black." "Black:— Dihri (the white bark of which is used for paper) in Kashmiri where it is called the bark-tree "Bhoorj kul" lit.: Bhoorj=the bark; kul=given, tree."

‡ "Tykkiki" is a black fragrant cuisse said to be gathered under the [illegible]

1: Lahore 1-8 (1900-02) 1902? AV3 Dard AV3

Translation of "A Woman's Song."

The deserted wife sings:—My Pathan! oh kukári, far away from me has he made a home; but, scott, what am I to do, since he has left his own! The silk that I have been weaving during his absence would be sufficient to bind all the animals of the field. Oh, how my darling is delaying his return!

The faithless husband sings:—[My new love] Azuri is like a royal Dandar; is it not so, my love? for Azuri I am sick with desire. She is a Warner's princess; is it not so, my love? Let me put you in my waist. The sun on yonder mountain, and the tree on this nigh mountain, ye both I love dearly. I will recline when this white hand and her black fragrant tresses become mine; entirely, with them my head I will recline [in happiness.]

6. THE JILTED LOVER'S DREAM.

[IN THE ASTORI DIALECT.]

*Tikanee sundik mulayi.**
(Oh) Little delicate [maid] woman.

Barshe hárn, ma?
The husband old is, [is he not?]

Hápshtik thayat gi.
With a long time is going. [you have "been and gone and done it."]

Sánami sáiye Sánami chadaye Mey mish
In the sleep of night The sleep from the arm. My sleep

harayi gi. Machhi phirk phir
awake has gone. Turning round again opening hastily

salute Mey ladaiy pirdanee tshikde hánan. Chatshkar
I saw. My darling waistband variegated was. Right

0.00 wriggle of the hand; "dhiaj" is, to me, an unknown term, but I suppose it to be the hand-tree. "Gar" is a princess and "sail" is added for euphony.

[5·10] * ["Mulayi" the woman is not very respectful; women are generally addressed as "bahi" sister, or "dhi" daughter.]

Hh ? is it ? is it not so? so women generally to have more confirmation.

Aste-ji aima gini. Tikakteje mama. Nu Aakke
hand-from mirror taking. Looking she came. This left 53
Aste-ji surmā gini. Pakteje mama.
hand-from antimony taking. Applying she came.

The above describes the dream of a lover whose sweetheart has married one older than herself; he says:

Translation.

"That dear delicate little woman has a frightful old husband.

"Thou hast married a bear! In the dead of night, resting on my arm,

"My sleep became like waking. Hastily I turned and with a quick glance saw

"That my darling's waistband shone with many colours.

"That she advanced towards me holding in her right a mirror into which she looked,

"That she came near me applying with her left the antimony to her eyes."

3. MODERN ASTORI SONG.

This Song was composed by Rajah Bahadur Khan, now at Astor, who fell in love with the daughter of the Rajah of Hunza to whom he was affianced. When the war between Kashmir and Hunza broke out, the Astoris and Hunzas were in different camps; Rajah Bahadur Khan, son of Rajah Shakul Khan, of the Shiah persuasion,* thus laments his misfortunes:

Latikāke ashtin kho asindo tkē dawā
Early in morning's time [usual] prayers done supplication
thow Qudā tkē, Rakhwa Gardāy dawa
I make Allaya, oh merciful [God] of the poor the prayer.
Dīn mukī—yawa dīn
[her] teeth [are] of fish bone = like ivory, [her] body
yawa—p. a Tokumdar tikkīkē hawa ma armān
[like a] reed† [her] hair musk is. My longing
tāte hawa Bulbul shakkar
to you is [Oh] nightingale sweet!

* The people of Astor are mostly Sunnis, and the Gilgitis mostly Shiahs; the Chilasis are all Sunnis. 56

† A reed which grows in the Gilgit country of white or red colour.

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539 *Chorus* falls in with "*Aai, Aai, armán bulbul*" = "oh, oh, the longing [for the] nightingale!"*

Translation.

After having discharged my usual religious duties in the early morning, I offer a prayer which, oh thou merciful God, accept from thy humble worshipper. [Then, thinking of his beloved.] Her teeth are as white as ivory, her body as graceful as a reed, her hair is like musk. My whole longing is towards you, oh sweet nightingale.

Chorus: Alas, how absorbing this longing for the nightingale.

8. GURAIS SONGS.

184 This district used to be under Ahmad Shah of Skardo, and has since its conquest by Ghulab Singh come permanently under the Maharajah of Kashmir. Its possession used to be the apple of discord between the Nawabs of Astor and the Rajahs of Skardo. It appears never to have had a real Government of its own. The fertility of its valleys always invited invasion. Yet the people are of Shina origin and appear much more manly than the other subjects of Kashmir. Their loyalty to that power is not much to be relied upon, but it is probable that with the great intermixture which has taken place between them and the Kashmiri Mussalmans for many years past, they will become equally demoralized. The old territory of Gurais used in former days to extend up to Koyam or §30] Bandipur on the Wular Lake. The women are reputed to be very chaste, and Colonel Gardiner told me that the handsomest women in Kashmir come from that district. To me, however, they appeared to be tolerably plain, although rather innocent-looking, which may render them attractive, especially after one has seen the handsome, but sensual-looking, women of Kashmir. The people of Gurais are certainly very dirty, but they are not so plain as the 184 Chilasis. At Gurais three languages are spoken: Kash- 197 miri, Gurais (a corruption of a Shina dialect), and Pus-

* It is rather ominous to find the nightingale representing the beloved, the a generally "the cow" and the lover "the nightingale."

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jabi—the latter on account of its occupation by the Maharajah's officials. I found some difficulty in getting a number of them together from the different villages which compose the district of Gurais, the Arcadia of Kashmir, but I gave them food and money, and after I got them into a good humour they sang:

GURAISI HUNTING SONG.

Gurasi.	*English.*
Pire, tikakit, gambri moydra = Beyond, look! a fine stag.	Look beyond! what a fine stag!
Chorus. *Pire, tikakit, djilli mazr-* = *dile dey.*	Chorus. Look beyond! how gracefully he struts.
Beyond, look! how he struts!	
Pire, tikakit, khapdiri kay kdra = Beyond, look! shawl wool 12 loads.	Look beyond! he bears twelve loads of wool.
Chorus. *Pire, tikakit, djilli mazr-* = *dile dey.*	Chorus. Look beyond! how gracefully he struts.
Beyond, look! how he does strut!	
Pire, tikakit, dhai shilille = Beyond, look! [his] teeth are of crystal [glass]	Look beyond! his very teeth are of crystal.
Chorus. *Pire, tikakit, djilli* = *mazrdile dey.*	Chorus. Look beyond! how gracefully he struts.

This is apparently a hunting song, but seems also to be applied to singing the praises of a favourite.

There is another song, which was evidently given with great gusto, in praise of Shair Shah Ali Shah, Rajah of Skardo.* That Rajah, who is said to have temporarily conquered Chitrál, which the Chilasis call Tshumbhil,† made a road of steps up the Azabo mountain which overlooks Bunji, the most distant point reached before 1868 by

* Possibly Ali Sher Khan, also called Ali Shah, the father of Ahmed Shah, the successful and popular Rajah of Skardo in the 18th days—or else the great Ali Sher Khan, the founder of the race or caste of the Muktpun Rajahs of Skardo. He built a great stone aqueduct from the Satpur stream which also hauled up a quantity of useful and against inundations.

† Shumbhil was, I believe, the first Skardo Rajah who conquered Gilgit, Yasin, Hunza and Chitrál. He built a bridge near the Chitrál fort. Traces of invasion from Little Tibet exist in Dardistan. A number of historical events, occurring at different periods, seem to be mixed up in this song.

000 travellers or the Great Trigonometrical Survey. From the Astho mountain Vigne returned, "the capricious Rajah of Gilgit suddenly giving orders for burning the bridge over the Indus." It is, however, more probable that his Astori companions fabricated the story in order to prevent him from entering an unfriendly territory in which Mr. Vigne's life might have been in danger, for had he reached Bitoji he might have known that the Indus never was spanned by a bridge at that or any neighbouring point. The miserable Kashmiri coolies and boatmen who were forced to go up-country with the troops in 1866 were, some of them, employed, in rowing people across, and that is how I got over the Indus at Bitoji; however to return from this digression to the *Gawasi Sang*:

• 539 9. PRAISE OF THE CONQUEROR SHEER SHAH ALI SHAH.

Gawasi.	*English.*
Sheir Shah Ali Shah	= Sheir Shah Ali Shah.
Nimega djong	= I wind myself round his name.*
Ká kilo shing phusé	= He conquering the crooked Low-lands.
Djar nimsho tarigs	= Made them quite straight.
Khne Makpusé	= The great Khan, the Makpus.
Khne num nega djong	= I wind myself round the Khan's name.
Ká Tahamtigar bish phusé	= He conquered bridging over [the Gilgit river] below Tahamtigar.
Sar† nimsho tarigs	= And made all quite straight.

000 I believe there was much more of this historical song, but unfortunately the paper on which the rest was written down by me as it was delivered, has been lost together with other papers.

"Tahamtigar," to which reference is made in the song, is a village on the other side of the Gilgit river on the Nagyr side. It is right opposite to where I stayed for two nights

* The connection for the name is, of course, also partly due to the fact that it means "the line of ink," Mohammed's conviction, to whose memory the Shiah Mussulmans pay an devoutly attached. The Little Thibetans are almost all Shiahs.

† "Sar" is Astori for Gilgiti "Thu."

under a huge stone which projects from the base of the Nilashi range on the Gilgit side.

There were formerly seven forts at Tahuntigar. A convention had been made between the Rajah of Gilgit and the Rajah of Skardo, by which Tahuntigar was divided by the two according to the natural division which a stream that comes down from the Burzil mountain made in that territory. The people of Tahuntigar, impatient of the Skardo rule, became all of them subjects to the Gilgit Rajah, on which Sher Shah Ali Shah, the ruler of Skardo, collected an army, and crossing the Mukpun-i-shagurun* at the foot of the Haramukh mountain, came upon Tahuntigar and diverted the water which ran through that district into another direction. This was the reason of the once fertile Tahuntigar becoming deserted; the forts were razed to the ground. There are evidently traces of a river having formerly run through Tahuntigar. The people say that the Skardo Rajah stopped the flow of the water by throwing quicksilver into it. This is probably a legend arising from the reputation which Ahmed Shah, the most recent Skardo ruler whom the Gurelais can remember, had of dabbling in medicine and sorcery.†

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CHILASI SONGS.

[The Chilasis have a curious way of snapping their fingers, with which practice they accompany their songs, the thumb running up and down the fingers as on a musical instrument.]

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SO. CHILASI.

Tú bin Gindoon bidjo alamun dinuh barsim
Bhy shubinni pashalim dewá salim dinun
Bán; Aje gijo lalmun mey dishli aje wash
Hargino Zin dily mo lajimun
Sumar Khúney ulni mú bhábhimun tarish
Bhogh deyro; mú dahmar dim

* The debir of the Mukpun-i-Shang-Rung, where the Indus river makes a sudden turn southward and below which it receives the Gilgit river.

† The Shah Rajahs of Skardo believed themselves to be under the special protection of Ali.

539 11. A. Tabekkin chime; tikki why nuah, oh Brander
Adlin: chin: nuahy nuah; ay Brander
B. Hanimy tahtki, pilki chin, pahlow
Ni chuy hi ne hly, oh Brander!

[538] The last word in each sentence, as is usual with all Shin songs, is repeated at the beginning of the next line. I may also remark that I have accentuated the words as pronounced in the songs and not as put down in my Vocabulary.

Translation.

MESSAGE TO A SWEETHEART BY A FRIEND.

You are going up to Gruba, oh my dearest friend,
Give my compliments and salute when you see my hawk.
Speak to her. I must now go into my house; my mother is no more
And I fear the sting of that dragon,* my step-mother—
Oh noble daughter of Sumee Khan; I will play the flute
And give its print and keep it in my bosom.

The second song describes a quarrel between two brothers who are resting after a march on some hill far away from any water or food wherewith to refresh themselves.

Younger brother.—Am I to eat now, what am I to say, there is, oh my brother, neither bread nor water.

Am I to fetch some [water], what am I to say, there is no vessel [a water-skin], oh my brother!

Elder brother.—The lying nonsense of Hanie (the younger brother) wounds me deeply (tears all the skin of my heart).

There will be no day to this long night, oh my brother!

12. THE TRANSITORINESS OF THIS WORLD.

Kikki, nuah ajil nhow | *Mly thingo ni hly* | *Tabkhin*
Brother! I what am to say? | My chance it is not | In the
nuah dino | *Mingle thingo ni hly* | *Ingiddi*
whole of the present time | To me chance is not | The next
ah pilki | *Ikky mihtiho hun*
world near has come | People despairing will be

* The "dragon," a fabulous animal mentioned elsewhere.

and Verse.

Whither thine ear	*To mockadore hills*	*Ask*	53
In my country famous	You famous have become	To-day	
Sajdoni dagi dowi mangiri	*Zuri*	*mujo*	
to get you prepared on a great journey	Openly	go	
Ani langaldi—ge	*Dilli*	*may hawalli*	*Sita gattida*
much pains	My soul is in your keeping	The river	
plains	*Sadi*	*chigurray*	
is flowing, the large flower	Of silver colour.*		

A PRAYER OF THE DARDISTANI RAJPUTS.

[*In the Kohistáni dialect.*]

The ideas and many of the words in this prayer were evidently acquired by my two Kafirs on their way through Kashmir:

"Khudá, sandrumi dá, prushkári mail de, shanti kari, dewalat mun. Te ghóra mun, tshik imaro, tshik te ládá kay mun. Sat mundo tí, Sirre mari mamrah mihnbe dá."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

A. AMUSEMENTS.

The Chaughan Bazi or Hockey on horseback, so popular everywhere north of Kashmir, and which is called Polo by the Baltis and Ladákis, who both play it to perfection and in a manner which I shall describe elsewhere, is also well known to the Ghilgiti and Astori subdivisions of the Shina people. On great general holidays as well as on any special occasion of rejoicing, the people meet on those grounds which are mostly near the larger villages, and pursue the game with great excitement and at the risk of casualties. The first day I was at Astor, I had the greatest difficulty in restraining to his seat a youth of the name of 526

* The beautiful songs of "My little darling crocuses will wear," "Corn is being distributed," "I will give glassware's price," "My mind is hard," "Come out, oh daughter of the hunk," will be found on pages 9, 10, 11, and 33, of this pamphlet respectively and need not therefore be quoted in this place.

relatives of the girl if they discover the intrigue revenge the insult by murdering the paramour, who, however, does not lose caste by the alliance.

The bridegroom dances as well as his twelve companions. The girl ought not to be older than 15 years; but at 12 girls are generally engaged.*

The Balti custom of having merely a *claim to dowry* on the part of the woman—the prosecution of which claim so often depends on her satisfaction with her husband or the capacity of her relatives—is in spite of the intercourse of the Baltis with the Shins people never observed by the latter; not even by the Shin colonists of little Tibet who are called "Brokkipá."

When the bridegroom has to go for his bride to a distant village he is furnished with a bow. On arriving at his native place he crosses the breast of his bride with an arrow and then shoots it off. He generally shoots three arrows off in the direction of his home.

At Astór the custom is sometimes to fire guns as a sign of rejoicing. This is not done at Gilgit.

When the bridegroom fetches his bride on the second day to his own home, the girl is crying with the women of her household and the young man catches hold of her dress in front (at Gilgit by the hand) and leads her to the door. If the girl cannot get over embracing her people and crying with them quickly, the twelve men who have come along with the bridegroom (who in Astóri are called "hilalde" = bridegrooms and "gurdoi" in Gilgiti) sing the following song:—

INVITATION TO THE BRIDE.

Nikástali	*gudrey kuráni*	("*astali*" *is added to*
Come out	hawk's daughter.	*the fem. sing.*).
Nikástali	*ke kurandli*	("*kalondle*," in Gilgiti).
Come out	why delayest thou!	
Nikástali	*mátiyu*	*gudtje.*
Come out	(from) thy father's	nest.

* The Turks say "a girl of 15 years of age should be either married or buried.

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585 *Nikastali ke karanlik.*
539 Come out why delayest thou.
Né ro tsharéyn bardye.
Do not weep waterfall's fairy.
Né ro teyn rong boje.
Do not weep thy colour will go.
Né ro jaro shidati.
Do not weep brethren's beloved.
Né ro téy rong boje.
Do not weep thy colour will go.
Né ro maleyn shidati.
Do not weep father's beloved.
Né ro téy rong boje.
Do not weep thy colour will go.

Translation.

Come out, O daughter of the hawk!
Come out, why dost thou delay?
Come forth from thy father's tent,
Come out and do not delay.
Weep not! O fairy of the waterfall!
Weep not! thy colour will fade;
Weep not! thou art the beloved of us all who are thy brethren,
Weep not! thy colour will fade.
O Weep not! thou beloved of fathers, [or "thy father's darling."]
For if thou weepest, thy face will grow pale.

Then the young man catches hold of her dress, or in Gilgit of her arm, puts her on horseback, and rides off with her, heedless of her tears and of those of her companions.

E. FUNERALS.

764 Funerals are conducted in a very simple manner. The custom of eating grapes at funerals I have already touched upon in my allusion to Dureyl in the chapter on "Wine." Bread is commonly distributed together with Ghi, etc., three days after the funeral, to people in general, a custom which is called "Nashí" by the Astóris, and "Khatm" by the

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*LEGENDS RELATING TO ANIMALS.**

1.—A BEAR PLAYS WITH A CORPSE.

It is said that bears, as the winter is coming on, are in the habit of filling their dens with grass and that they eat a plant, called "ajidi," which has a narcotic effect upon them and keeps them in a state of torpor during the winter. After three months, when the spring arrives, they awake and go about for food. One of these bears once scented a corpse which he disinterred. It happened to be that of a woman who had died a few days before. The bear, who was in good spirits, brought her to his den, where he set her upright against a stone and fashioning a spindle with his teeth and paws gave it to her into one hand and placed some wool into the other. He then went on growling "qik-suk-suk" to encourage the woman to spin. He also brought her some corn and other provisions to eat. Of course, his efforts were useless, and when she after a few days gave signs of decomposition he ate her up in disgust. This is a story based on the playful habits of the bear.

2.—A BEAR MOURNS A GIRL.

Another curious story is related of a bear. Two women, a mother had her little daughter, were one night watching their field of Indian corn "makai," against the inroads of these animals. The mother had to go to her house to prepare the food and ordered her daughter to light a fire outside. Whilst she was doing this a bear came and took her away. He carried her into his den, and daily brought her to eat and to drink. He rolled a big stone in front of the den, whenever he went away on his tours, which the girl was not strong enough to remove. When she became old enough to be able to do this he used daily to lick her feet, by which they became swollen and gradually dwindled down to mere misshapen stumps. The girl eventually died in childbirth, and the poor bear after vain efforts to restore her to life roamed disconsolately about the fields.

3.—ORIGIN OF BEARS.

It is said that bears were originally the offspring of a man who was driven into madness by his inability to pay his debts, and who took to the hills in order to avoid his creditors.†

4.—THE BEAR AND THE ONE-EYED MAN.

The following story was related by a man of the name of Ghalib Khan residing at a village near Astór, called Parishing. He was one night looking out whether any bear had come into his "trombin" field.‡ He

* These legends should be compared with the Chitrál Fables published by Mirzá Wahíd-ul-Mulk in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January, 1891, namely: "the vindictive fowl," "the golden mouse," "the mouse and the frog," "the quail and the bat." See Appendix III. as also LAgends in "The Hunza-Nagyr Handbook."

† The scrupulousness of the Gipsies in discharging such obligations, when contracted with a member of the same race, used to be notorious. The Dúms or Bloms of the Ghizr are the "Romany" of Europe and our "Zingari" is a corruption of "Sinkari" or inhabitants on the borders of the River or Sin = the (Upper) Indus.

‡ Trombin, to be made eatable, must be ground into flour, then boiled in water and placed in the "tshumil" [in Astor] or "puyáh", [Ghilgit], a receptacle under the fourth, and has to be kept in this place for one night, after which it is fit for use after being roasted or put on a tawa [pan] like a Chapatti [a thin cake of unleavened bread].

"barko" or tshtil barko = sour barko [native barley=sweet barley].

one that a bear was there and that he with his Snapper shrewdly took a pastil of "wanika," blew the chaff away and ate hastily. The man was one-eyed [Akita = blind; my Ghilgit word "Kyan," which he said was a Persian word, but which is evidently Turkish] and ran to his hut to get his gun. He came out and pointed it at the bear. The animal who saw the man round the blind side of the man's face, snatched the gun out of his hand and threw it away. The bear and the man then wrestled for a time, but afterwards both gave up the struggle and retired. The man, after he had recovered himself went to look for the gun, the stock of which he found broken. The match-string by which the stock had been tied to the barrel had gone on burning all night and had been the cause of the gun being destroyed. The son of that man still lives at the village and tells the story, which the people affect to believe.

3.—WEDDING FESTIVAL AMONG BEARS.

A Mulla, of the name of Lal Mahammad, said that when he was taken a prisoner into Chilas,* he and his escort passed one day through one of the desolate portions of the mountains of that inhospitable region. There they heard a noise, and quietly approaching to ascertain its cause they saw a company of bears tearing up the grass and making bundles of it which they hugged. Other bears again wrapped their heads in grass, and some stood on their hind paws, holding a stick in their forepaws and dancing to the sound of the howls of the others. They then ranged themselves in rows, at each end of which was a young bear; on one side a male, on the other a female. These were supposed to celebrate their marriage on the occasion in question. My informant swore to the story and my Ghilgit countrymen the truth of the first portion of the account, which he said described a practice believed to be common to bears.

4.—THE FLYING PORCUPINE.

There is a curious superstition with regard to an animal called "Shaqiyar," which appears to be more like a porcupine than anything else. It is covered with bristles; its back is of a red-brownish and its belly of a yellowish colour. That animal is supposed to be very dangerous, and to contain poison in its bristles. At the approach of any man or animal it is said to gather itself up for a terrific jump into the air, from which it descends onto the head of the intended victim. It is said to be generally about half a yard long and a span broad. Our friend Lal Mahammad, a saintly Akhundzada, but a regular Münchhausen, affirmed to have once met with a curious incident with regard to that animal. He was out shooting one day when he saw a stag which seemed intently to look in one direction.

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* Almost every third man I met had, at some time or other, been kidnapped and dragged off either to Chilas, Chitrál, Badakhshán or Bokhára. The expeditions, however, which is exercised over prisoners, as they are being escorted by great parties over mountains, cannot be a very effective one and, therefore, many of them escape. Some of the Kashmir Maharajah's Sepoys, who had invaded Darddistan, had been captured and had escaped. They recounted many stories of the ferocity of their countrymen; e.g., that they used their captives as fireworks, etc., etc., in order to enliven public gatherings. Even if this be true, there can be no doubt that the Sepoys retaliated in the fiercest manner whenever they had an opportunity, and the only acts of barbarism that came under my observation, during the war with the tribes in 1868, were committed by the Kashmir invaders.

the head of the goat, which however did not divert the attention of the sheep. At last, he found out what it was that the sheep was looking at. It seemed to be a huge "thunjiro," which had swallowed a large Markhor with the exception of his horns. These were the perception out of which we with protruded the head and horns of the Markhor!!! My Dolphin, on the contrary, said that the Shoyjiro was a great snake "like a big fish called Yung." Perhaps, Shoyjiro means a monster or dragon, and is applied to different animals in the two countries of Dolphin and Saint.

3.—A DUEL BETWEEN WOLVES AND A BEAR WHO WANTED TO EAT THEIR YOUNG.

A curious animal resembling like a wolf is also described. The species is called "Ka."* These animals are like dogs; their manes are of a red colour, and are very long; they hunt in herds of ten or twenty and teeth grass which they bring down, one hand or one Ka, as the case may be, collecting the other at certain stages. A Dolphin once reported that he saw a large number of these animals. They were all ranged in a single long line. A bear approached, and by the aid of a long branch measured the line. He then went to some distance and measuring the ground dug a pit to the extent of the line in length. He then went back to measure the breadth of the sleeping troop when his branch touched one of the animals which of course jumped up and roused the others. They all then pursued him and brought him down. Some of them harassed him in front, whilst one of them went behind and cracked his stomach open. This seems to be a favourite method of these animals in destroying game. They do not attack men, but bring down horses, sheep and goats.

* This is undoubtedly the same creature, a species of wild dog, which hunts in packs after the wild goat, as mentioned before in the high mountains round Gilgit. The name comes also pretty close to Dardistan, specially Shuna, in the position of the Sin, the wild sheep, including the ovis poli, and the red bear.

The Flora and Fauna of Dardistan have been so minutely described in Part II. of my "Languages and Races of Dardistan," though entirely from a linguistic standpoint, that I have nothing to say here about the products and animals of that country. Nor need I say anything about the dress of the people, except that its rolled-up woollen cap is, practically, the sign of the brotherhood (sometimes like that of Cain) among all members of the Dard race, and, as such, distinguishes them from Pathans, Afghans, Kashmiris, and others. The beautifully-knit stockings are also a Dard article, and seem to have suggested, rather than followed, Kashmir patterns. Above all, the quasi-Cbbin lyres (vinchun of the women, and the bowl-shaped axes of the Hunza-Nagyris denote the antiquity of the Dard race. Curious is also the dress, light as air and softly warm, made of the fluff of the white giant vulture or of that of the wild fowl. I must also refer the reader who wishes to know details about the rivers, mountains, etc., of Dardistan, and the occupations of its peoples, to Part II. of my "Languages and Races of Dardistan," and to the same volume, of which this is a Supplement, namely, the so-called "Hunza and Nagyr Handbook," a volume of 47 folio pages.

APPENDIX III.

FABLES, LEGENDS, AND SONGS OF CHITRAL.*

(called Chitrár by the natives).

Collected by H. H. Shuja-ul-Mulk, Raja of Yasin, etc., and by Dr. G. W. Leitner, and translated from Persian or Chitrali.

I. Fables.

1. The Vengeful Fowl.

A crow, sat near a thistle, and spurned a rag, in which cereals were tied up. Suddenly one fell into the thistle; the fowl said, "O thistle, give me my cereal." The thistle said, "This is not my business." The fowl said, "Then I will burn them." The thistle agreed. The fowl then begged the fire to burn the thistle. The fire replied, "Why should I burn this weak thorn?" The fowl thereupon threatened to extinguish the fire by appealing to water: "O water, kill this fire for my sake." The water asked, "What is thy enmity with the fire, that I should kill it?" The fowl said, "I will bring a lean cow to drink thee up." The water said, "Well"; but the cow refused, as it was too lean and weak to do so. Then the fowl threatened to bring the wolf to eat the cow. The wolf refused, as he could feed better on fat sheep. The fowl threatened the wolf with the huntsman, so he would not eat the lean cow. The huntsman refused to shoot the wolf, as it was not fit to eat. The fowl then threatened the huntsman with the mouse. The huntsman replied, "Most welcome." But the mouse said that it was feeding on almonds and other nice things, and had no need to gnaw the leather-skin of the huntsman. The fowl then said, "I will tell the cat to eat thee." The mouse said, "The cat is my enemy in any case, and

* *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, January, 1891.

§ 39 will say we watch and eat rat, whenever it comes across us, so what is the use of your telling the rat?" The fowl then begged the cat to eat the mouse. The cat agreed to do so whenever it was hungry: "Now," it added, "I do not care to do so." The fowl then became very angry, and threatened to bring little boys to worry the cat. The cat said, "Yes." The fowl then begged the little boys to snatch the rat one from the other, so that it might know what it was to be crushed. The boys, however, just then wanted to play and fight among themselves, and did not care to interrupt their own game. The fowl then threatened to get an old man to beat the boys. The boys said, "By all means." But the old man refused to beat the boys without any cause, and called the fowl a fool. The fowl then said to the Fir (old man), "I will tell the wind to carry away thy wood." The old man acquiesced; and the wind, when ordered by the fowl, with its usual perverseness, obeyed the fowl, and carried off the old man's wood. Then the old man beat the boys, and the boys worried the cat, and the cat ran after the mouse, and the mouse bit the horseman in the vein, and the horseman went after the wolf, and the wolf bit the cow, and the cow drank the water, and the water came down on the fire, and the fire burnt the thistle, and the thistle gave the coal to the fowl, and the fowl took back its coal.

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6. The Story of the Golden Mouse who told the Story of a Mouse and a Fish.

There was a kind of mice that had a golden body. They never went out of their hole. One day one of them thought: "I will go out and see the wonders of God's creation." So it did; and when thirty or forty yards from its hole, a cat, prowling for game, saw it come out from the hole. The cat, that was full of wiles, planned to get near the hole, awaiting the return of the mouse, who, after its peregrinations, noticed the mouth of the hole closed by the wicked cat. The mouse then wished to go another way, and turned to the left, towards a tree, on which sat

reminded a crow, suggesting to devour the mouse when it should run away from the cat. The crow then pounced on the mouse, who cried out to God, "O God, why have these misfortunes overtaken such a small being as myself? My only help is in thee, to save me from these calamities." The mouse was confused, and ran hither and thither, to find nothing a refuge, when it saw another cat stealthily approaching it; and, in its perplexity, the mouse nearly ran into the cat's paws; but then cat had been caught in a hunter's net, and could do nothing. The crow, and the cat which was watching at the hole, saw that the mouse had got some another cat between the two. They thought that the mouse had fallen a victim to the second cat, and that it was no use remaining. It was the fortune of the mouse that they should be so deceived. The rejoicing mouse felt that the two enemies had gone. It thanked the Creator for having escaped from the cat and the crow, and it said, "It would be most unmanly of me not to deliver the cat in the net, as it has been the instrument of my safety; but then, if I set it free, it will eat me." The mouse was concerned in thought, and came to the conclusion to gnaw the net at a distance from the cat, and that as soon as the hunter should come in sight, the cat then, being afraid of the hunter, would seek its own safety, and not trouble itself about the mouse. "Thus I will free the cat from the hunter and the net, and deliver my own life from the cat," was the thought of the mouse. It then began to gnaw the net at a distance. The cat then said to the mouse, "If you want to save me, for God's sake, then gnaw the net round my throat, and not at a distance; that is no use to me when the hunter will come. You see if you think that I will eat you as soon as I get out. For all the faults, hitherto, have been on the side of ego, which you mice have never injured, so that, if you are magnanimous and release me, there is no such ungrateful monster in the world as would return evil for the unmerited good that I implore you to bestow on me." The golden mouse, which

§29 was very wise, did not attend to this false speech, but continued to gnaw the net at a distance, so that, when the hunter came, there only remained the threads round the neck of the ox, which the mouse bit asunder at the last moment and then ran back into its hole. The ox looked up the tree where the crow had sat, the horseman saw that the ox had escaped, and that his net was gnawed in several places, so he took the net to get it repaired in the frontier.

Then the ox descended from the tree and said to his self, "The time of needs is over, it is no use to go home; I had better make friends with the mouse, entice it out of the hole, and eat it." This she did, and going to the hole, called out: "O faithful companion and sympathizing friend, although there has been enmity between rats and oxen for a long time, thou hast, by God's order, been the cause of my release, therefore come out of the hole, and let us lay the foundation of our friendship." The mouse replied: "I once tried to come out, and then I fell from one danger into another. Now it is difficult for me to comply with your request. I have cut the threads encircling your throat, not out of friendship for you, but out of gratitude to God. Nor is our friendship of any use in this world, as you will gather from the story of

3. "The Frog and the Mouse."

The mouse then narrated: "There was once a mouse that went out for a promenade, and going into people's houses, found food here and there, and in the dawn of the next morning it was returning to its home. It came to a place where there was a large tank, round which there were flowers and trees; and a voice was heard from out of the tank. Coming near, it saw that it emanated from a being that had no hair on its body, no tail, and no ear. The mouse said to itself: 'What is this ill-formed being?' and thanked God that it was not the ugliest of creatures. With this thought the mouse, that was standing still, shook its head to and fro. The frog,

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heaven, thought that the mouse was smitten with admiration at his beauty and entranced with pleasure at his voice, and jumping out of the corner of the tank came near: "I know, beloved, that you are standing charmed with my voice; we ought to lay the firm basis of our friendship, but you are sharper than I am, therefore go to the house of an old woman and steal from it a thread, and bring it here." The mouse obeyed the order. The frog then said: "Now tie one end to your tail and I will tie the other end to my leg, because I want to go to your house, where you have a large family and there are many other mice, so that I may know you from the others. If again you visit me, the tank is large, my friends many, and you too ought to distinguish me from the rest. Again, when I want to see you I will follow the thread to your hole, and when you want to see me you will follow it to the tank." This being settled, they parted. One day the frog wanted to see the mouse. Coming out of the tank he was going to its hole, when he saw the mouse-hawk, who pounced upon the frog as he was limping along, and flew up with him in its claws. This pulled the end to which the mouse was tied. It thought that its lover had come to the place and wanted to see it; so it came out, only to be dragged along in the air under the mouse-hawk. As the unfortunate mouse passed a Banyan it called out: "O ye Wanderers, learn from my fate what happens to whoever befriends beings of a different species."

"Now," said the golden mouse to the cat, "this is the story which teaches me what to do; and that is, to decline your friendship and to try never again to see your face."

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4. The Quail and the Fox.

The Quail said: I teach thee art,
Night and day I work at art;
Whoever lies, the shame is on his mark.

A quail and a fox were friends. The fox said: "Why should you not make me laugh some day?" The quail

139 replied, "This is easy." So they went to a House, where the quail, looking through the hole in the wall of a house, saw a man sitting, and his wife turning up and down the "mamaish" sweetmeat with a big wooden ladle (much in the same way as the Turkish *rahat lokum*, or lumps of delight, are made). The quail then settled on the head of the man. The woman said to him, "Don't stir; I will catch it." Then the quail sat on the woman's head, so the man asked the woman to be quiet, as he would catch the quail, which, however, then flew back to the head of the man. This annoyed the wife, who struck at the quail with the wooden ladle, but hit instead the face of her husband, whose eye and beard were covered with the sweetmeats, and who thereupon beat his wife. When the fox saw this, he rejoiced and laughed greatly; and both the fox and quail returned to their home. After a time the fox said to the quail: "It is true that you have made me laugh, but could you feed me?" This the quail undertook to do, and with the fox went to a place where a woman was carrying a plate of loaves of bread to her husband in the fields. Then the quail repeated her tactics, and sat on the head of the woman, who tried to catch it with one hand. The quail escaped and settled on one shoulder, then on another, and so on till the woman became enraged, put the plate of bread on the ground, and ran after the quail, who, by little hops, attracted her further and further away till she was at a considerable distance from it, when the fox pounced on the bread and appeased his hunger.

Some time after, the fox wanted to put the cleverness of the quail again to the test, and said: "You have made me laugh, you have fed me, now make me weep." The quail replied, "Why, this is the easiest task of all," so she took the fox to the gate of the town and called out: "O ye dogs of the Bazar, come ye as many as ye are, for a fox has come to the gate!" So all the dogs, hearing this quail news, assembled to hunt the fox, which, seeing the multitude of its enemies, fled till he reached a high place. There-

ing round, he saw the dogs following, so he jumped down and broke his back. The fox therefore helplessly sat down and said to the approaching quail: "O accomplishing companion, see how my mouth has become filled with mud and blood, and how my back has been broken. This is my fate in this world; now, could you kindly clean my mouth from mud and blood, as my end is near?" The intention of the fox was, that he should take the opportunity of this action to swallow the quail in revenge of her being the cause of its death. The quail, in her sweet friendship, began to clean the fox's mouth. The accursed fox caught her in his mouth; but the quail, which was intelligent and clever, said, "O beloved friend, your eating me is lawful, because I forgive you my blood, on condition that you pronounce my name, otherwise you will suffer an injury." The base fox, although full of wiles, stumbled by approaching death, fell into the trap, and as soon as he said "O quail," his teeth separated, and the quail flew away from him and was safe, while the fox died.

II. Swords and Lances.

There is a story which seems to illustrate the fact that private hatred is often the cause of the injury that is ascribed to accident. A man slaughtered a goat, and kept it over-night in an outhouse. His enemy put a number of cats through the airhole, and when their noise awoke the master of the house he only found the bones of his goat. But he took their bones, and scattered them over the field of his enemy the same night; and the dogs came, smelling the bones, searched for them, and destroyed the wheat that was ripe for reaping. One blamed the cats, the other blamed the dogs; but both had the reward of their own actions.

Subri was a man well known on the frontier of Chitral for his eloquence. One day, as he was travelling, he met a man from Badakhshan, who asked him whether

529 he knew Persian. Sukri said, "Do." "Then," replied the Bashkhalai, "you are lost" [unlucky, worthless]. Sukri at once rejoined, "Do you know Khowár?" (the language of Chitral). "No," said the Bashkhalai. "Then you too are lost," wittily concluded Sukri (to show that personal worth or eloquence does not depend on knowing any particular language).

It is related that beyond Upper Chitrár there is a country called *Ishu* or Rambur. It is very beautiful, and its plains are gardens, and its trees bear sweet fruit, and its streams (plane trees) and willows make it a shaded land. Its earth is red, and its water is white and tasty. They say that in ancient times the river of that district for a time flowed with milk, without the flashing (of the waves) of water.

Bumir is a place near Ayún towards Kalkótan. The inhabitants were formerly savages Kafirs, but are now subjects of the Mehtar (Prince) of Chitrár. They carry loads of wood, and do not neglect the work of the Mehtar. They are numerous and powerful, and in helpfulness like Greeks, but they are still Kafirs: though in consequence of their want of energy and courage they are called "Kalásh." The people of Ayún say that in ancient times five savages fled into the Shishi Mountains and concealed themselves there.

Shishi is below Ayún opposite Ghemir on the east (whereas Shishi is on the west). Between them is a river. It is said that these savages had to get their food by the chase. One day word came to them from God that "today three troops of deer will pass; don't interfere with the first, but do so with the others." When, however, the troops came, the savages forgot the injunctions of God, and struck the first deer. Now there was a cavern in the mountain where they lived, into which they took the two or three deer that they had killed and were preparing to cook, two being sent out to fetch water. By God's order the

Spa of the women were closed, and the three men imprisoned in it. God answered the three men here, whilst the two who had gone to fetch water fled towards Afghanistan. Then were created the five hairy men, who, finding their way out of the caverns, spread themselves and their seed all over the world. This is a story told by the Kalash, who credit that the bees are there still; but it is difficult to get them, as the mountains are too steep, but people go near it and, pushing long rods into the hole of the caverns, bring them back covered with honey. 539 or

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Shah Mahmúm is the name of a Mahmúr (priest), the grandfather of the present Ruler of Chitrál. This Mahmúr was renowned as a descendant of fairies, who all were under his command. Whatever he ordered the fairies did. Time went time passed. From among them he married a fairy, with whom he made many excursions. She bore him a daughter. Seven generations have passed since that time. This daughter is still alive, and her sign among the fairies is that her hair is white, which does not happen to ordinary fairies. Whenever a descendant of the Shah Mahmúm leaves this transitory world for the region of permanence, all the fairies, who reside in the mountains of Chitrál, together with that white-haired lady, weep and lament, and their voices are clearly heard. This statement is sure and true, and all the men on the frontiers of Chitrál are aware of the above fact. 539 774

The People of Anjan (the Bhotia of Caveat). 539

There is a country "Anjan," on the frontier of Chitrál (or Chitrál as we call it), the inhabitants of which in ancient times were renowned for their stupidity. One had taken service at Chitrál, and at a certain public dinner noticed that the King (Pedishah) ate nothing. So he thought that it was because the others had not given anything to the king. This made him very sorry. He left the assembly, and reached home towards evening; there he prepared a

539 great measure of bread, and brought it next day to the counsellor's residence, beckoning to the king with his finger to come secretly to him. The king could not endure this sort, and sent a servant to inquire what was the matter; but the man would not say anything except that the king should come himself. On this the king sent his confidant to find out what all this meant. The man answered the inquiries of the confidant by declaring that he had no cause of claim, but "as they all ate yesterday and gave nothing to the king, my heart has become heavy, and I have cooked all this bread for him." The messenger returned and told the king, who told the meeting, causing them all to laugh. The king, too, smiled, and said: "As this poor man has felt for my need, I feel for him;" and ordered the treasurer to open for him the door of the treasury, so that he might take from it what he liked. The treasurer took him to the gate, next to which was the treasury's own house, where he had put a big water-melon, on which fell the eye of that stupid man from Anjou. He had never seen such a thing, and when he asked, "What is it?" the treasurer, knowing what a fool he had to deal with, said, "This is the egg of a donkey." Then he showed him the gold, silver, jewels, precious clothes, and other habiliments of the treasury from which to select the king's present. The man was pleased with nothing, and said, "I do not want this; but, if you please, give me the egg of the donkey, since I shall indeed be glad." The treasurer and the king's confidant, considering together, came to the conclusion that this would amuse the king to hear, and gave him the melon, with the injunction not to return to the king, but to take the egg to his house, and come after some nights (days). The fool was charmed with this request, went towards his home, but climbing a height, the melon fell out of his hand, rolled down towards a tree and broke in two pieces. Now there was a hare under that tree, which fled as the melon touched the tree. The fool went to his house full of grief, said nothing

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to his wife and children, but not ostensibly in a manner. The wife said, "O man, why art thou sorry? and what has happened?" The man replied: "Why do you ask? there is no necessity." Finally, as the woman much upbraided him, he said: "From the treasury of the prince (yesterday) I had brought the egg of the donkey; it fell from me on the road, broke, and the young one fled out from its midst. I tried my utmost, but could not catch it." The woman said: "You silly fellow! had you brought it, we might have got loads on it." The man replied, "You flighty thing! how could it do so, when it was still so young? Why, its back would have been broken." So he got into a great rage, took his axe, and cut down his wife, who died on the spot.

Once, a donkey having four feet, in this country of donkeys having two feet, put his head into a jar of jão (barley); but could not extricate it again. So the villagers assembled, but could not hit on a plan to effect this result. But there was a wise man in that land, and he was sent for and came. He examined all the circumstances of the case, and finally decided that they should do him "Bismillah"; that is to say, that they should cut his throat with the formula, "in the name of God," which makes such an act lawful. When they had done this to the poor donkey, the head remained in the jar, and the wise man ordered them now to break the jar. This they did, and brought out the head of the donkey. The wise man then said: "If I had not been here, in what manner could you have been delivered of this difficulty?" This view was approved by all, even by the owner of the donkey.

Two brothers in that country of idiots, being tired of buying salt every day, decided on sowing it over their fields, so that it may bring forth salt abundantly. The grass grew up, and the grasshoppers came; and the brothers, fearing that their crop of salt would be destroyed,

539 armed themselves with bows and arrows to kill the grasshoppers. But the grasshoppers jumped hither and thither, and were difficult to kill; and one of the brothers hit the other by mistake with an arrow instead of a grasshopper, and he got angry, and shot back and killed his brother.

A goatskin once fell into the hands of this people, so they held a council in order to consider what it was. Some thought it was the young one of a weasel, the others that it was the baby of an ass, but that its teeth had not yet come out. So the argument waxing hot, they fell to fight one another, and many were wounded and killed.

A number of these people, considering that it was not proper that birds alone should fly, and that they were able to do so, clad themselves in pennons (some of which are made from the light down of the Hindukush eagle), and threw themselves down from a great height, with the result that they reached the ground killed and mangled.

III. Sonnet.

[177] *A Song (of evidently recent date, as the influence on it of Persian poetry is obvious).*

THE CONFESSION OF THE SOUL.

1. (*He.*) If thy body be as lithe as (the letter) Alif (ا),
thy eye is as full as (the letter) Nún (ن).
If thou art Laila, this child (or lover) is Majnún (referring to the well-known story of these true lovers).
2. (*She.*) If thou art the Prince of the Sultan of Rúm (Turkey)
Come and sit by me, free from constraint;
My eye has fallen on thee, and I now live.
3. My friend had scarcely come near me—why, alas, has he left?
My flesh has melted from these broken limbs.
4. How could I guard against the enmity of a friend?
May God now save me from such grief!

5. (*Mu.*) Were I to see my Fairies and conjure Hearts,
I should be a Kafir (infidel), O my beloved!
If my thoughts then were snapped from thee.
6. You, not the Heart nightingale, are my own soul and
eyes as Hearts,
Would, on the day of judgment, divert my thoughts
from thee.
7. I envy the moth, for it sees fly
Into the fire in which it is burnt (wherein I cannot
meet thee).
8. (*She.*) My friend, who once came nigh me, suddenly left
me—to weep.
My grief should move the very highest heaven.
A coral bed with its rose-leaves torn out and gone.
9. A ship of pilgrims (Caboodles) has sunk, and yet the
world does not cry.
The end of all has been a bad name to me.
10. (*Mu.*) On this black earth how can I do (sing) thy
praise?
Imbedded in the blue heaven (of my heart) thou wilt
find it;
And yet, O child (himself), how great a failure (and
below thy merits)!
11. Before thy beauty the very moon is nothing,
For sometimes she is full and sometimes half.
May God give thee to me, my perfect universe!
12. (*She.*) If an angel were a mortal like myself,
It would be ashamed to see my fate (connected).
13. (*Mu.*) O angel! strangely without pity,
Thou hast written her good with my evil (linked our
fates).
14. (*Both.*) All have friends, but my friend is the Chief
(God),
And of my inner grief that friend is cognisant;
His light alone loves our eyes and soul.
15. Break with the world, its vanities, its love;
Leave ignorance, confess, and let thy goal be heaven!

Kalashmunis
a. Kalashmun eighth to Kalasha 1 still go.
Kalasha and Kalasha Kafiristan
a. These above the Dida short girdle.
b. Kalashas, or young men, Dida's mantle.
Kalasha Kafir Kalashmunis
a. Kalashmun eighth to Kalasha 1 still go.
Kalasha eighth to Kalasha Kalashmunis
a. These above the Dida short girdle.
b. Kalashas, or young men, Dida's mantle.

There is a song very common in Kalashmun which begins:—

Dida Dida! mandigi, Dida Dida Dida! Dida Dida! mandigak gingak mandigi
"O Dida a goitre has killed, O Dida the dogs (or other animals) are"

"The unmarried (Dida of Kalasha) took a bride, and celebration was ignored." The Kalashas are called Didimun.

Religion.—They have been converted to Islām since first or five generations, and they have forgotten their old religion so completely that no image of it now remains; and when a Kalashmun is told that they are "non-Muslims," that is, "pure Mohammedans," he becomes angry.

Shadow burning, and the building of mosques have become common to Kalashmun, and now we find twenty or thirty houses united in every one mountain town, besides hundreds of mosques, existing in mosques.

Dress.—Their national dress consists of a woollen hat, somewhat like that of Kunjutsuns, and a loose woollen coat having a long slit along the right breast, so that one can easily get out the right hand to strike swift arrow in a fight. Their trousers are also made of wool and are very tight. In the summer they wear a kind of bamboo shoes borrowed from the Kalashas, but in the winter they wear a kind of loose socks of grass (the straw of rice) reaching to the knee. They call it "pāpāk."

The very lucky chief only wears there a small "khanjar" (dagger), with [illegible] (arrows and arrows); but they have borrowed the bow of grass and long swords from the Kalashas.

The dress of their women consists of a loose woollen head-dress with silver fringes, a woollen tunic and blue or black trousers of cotton cloth, which they call "shalwars." Generally their women work with their bare hands as I've seen before, and do not live confined to their houses.

Government.—They have no chiefs like the Kalashas, but [illegible] Malaks land them to battle, who are paid no tribute, salary, etc.

When an enemy enters their country they whistle or shriek [illegible] sound is heard, for miles; then the whole tribe assembles in one place for the defence of their country, with their respective Malaks at their heads.

Mode of Living, and other Social Customs.—In winter they live in the valleys, in loose sacks of wood and stones; but in summer they leave their houses in the valleys for those on the peaks of mountains, and the men of the population spends the summer in the cooler region; but those who cultivate the land live the whole day in the valley, and when night comes they go up to their houses on the heights. Their food is the bread of wheat, and milk furnished by their herds of cattle (goats, cows, goats, and sheep), which is their sole property. There are no regular Bazars even

951 When a son is born, a monkey is tied off, and the father of the newborn son gives an ox as a present to the people, to be slaughtered for a general festival.

947 Inheritable is wholly unknown.

618 Marriage.—The father of the boy does not go himself, as in Gilgit, to the father of the girl, but sends a man with 5 or 6 rupees, which he offers as a present. If the present is accepted, the betrothal (nii) is arranged. As for as the women is concerned the "nii" is irrevocable. The usual sum of money paid to cash is Rs rupees.

A bride is called "shipiki," and the bridegroom "shipiki lo."

197 Languages.—On account of the ease of intercourse between the tribes the language of Kohistan is broken into numerous dialects; thus the speakers of the dialects spoken in Kandia, *i.e.*, in Gabrial and Palas, differs from that of the language spoken in Chilas and Palas, *i.e.*, in the countries situated on this side of the Indus. Shuhdullah, a Gabrial, did not understand any language except his own; but Ahmad Shah, an inhabitant of Jalkot (situated in the southern part of Chilas), understood Gabrial, as he had been there for a time. Ghulam Muhammad, our Gilgit man, who had been captured by an expedition, and had lived as a slave in Chilas, also thoroughly understood Jalkoti.

The language of Kohistan (or Chilas, Kandia, etc., as also called) is divided into two dialects, called *Shind* and *Shikhan* respectively. In the countries situated on that side of the Indus, that is to Kandia, Shikhan is spoken.

539 The following pages are devoted to *Ballads, Proverbs, Riddles,* and *Dialogues* in the Shikhan dialect.

Songs=Ghi. Mendale ghe=men's songs; Ghemle ghe=female songs.

1. An Elegy.

Fifteen years ago a battle was fought between *Arsilan Khan of Kuli*, and *Qamar Ali Khan of Palas*, in which guns were killed on both sides. *Phyla*, on whose death the elegy is written by his sister, was one of the killed. The inhabitants of Palas are called "Sikha," as reproach.

I.

Rogi nili, Jindiyale-kuchi shikhai,
In a green place, near a mosque, in a resting (resting) place,
Chi chiyale gala mani, chishimale mashgil
In a surrounded fort within, the grieve was killed
Rogi nili, Jindiyale kuchi, shikhai
In a green place, near a mosque, in a resting place
Shai mali, kachel, ali nishil mashgil.
Being the him, lay it down, (so that) that luishes one may be brought to his home.

II.

Rige nili, me Shirkai shar kagal,
In the green place, that Shirkai, where the baking pieces of grass
Shri Sikhai gala kargil.
Are deserted, the Sikhs (infidels, that is the Palasis) slaughter continued (did).

1: Leitner L-3 (1866-93) 1893? AV3 Dard AV3

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Rāge nāk, Shirkot, kari ligē lagore.
In the green place, in Sherkot, a great fight happened to be.
Kali Khel, Phajū dagār mariyē.
O Kalkhel (a tribe of Kohistan) Phajū is captured and killed.

TRANSLATION.

1. In a green place, near the mosque, in a place of rest.
Within an enclosure the prince was killed. . . .
In a green place, near a mosque, in a spot of rest,
Bring the bier and lay it down, to bring him home who has no heir.

2. In the green place, that Sherkōt, where the halting-place of guests
Is deserted, the Sikhs committed slaughter.
In the green place, in Sherkot, a great fight took place.
Oh, Kalkhel tribe, Phajū was captured and killed.

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3. The following song is a chirbait, or quatrain, composed by Qumrin, a Gabrial poet. The song treats of the love between Saif-ul-mulk, a prince of Rūm, and Shahpari (the Fairy-queen).

The first line of a *chorbait* is called *Sarnāmā*, and the remaining poem is divided into stanzas or "Khōrās," consisting each of four lines. At the end of every stanza the burden of the song is repeated:

SARNAMA.—*Mo lāgo musāfar, mā safār lagō Hindustow wain*
I became a stranger, my travel became towards Hindustan.
Mī duā salām, duā salāmī ahi Kohistan wain
My prayer-compliments, prayer-compliments, to the inhabitants of Kohistan (may go forth).
Malā Malukh thā, O Badrā tau lai karagilē
I myself am Malukh (name of the Prince Saif-ul-mulk), O Badra, thou didst love me.

BURDEN.—*Hāi, Malā Malukh thā, O Badrā, thā Malukh tō thā har sōkha*
Woe, I am Malukh, O Badra, now thy Malukh from thy sorrow has lost his senses.

1.

STANZA.—1. *Malo Malukh tha, O Badrai, Malukh tō, thā thā dauāh*
I myself am Malukh, O Badra, thy Malukh burnt has been from thy heat.

2. *Hyā niy nāhīte gambrā, Malukh Badrī wāhē thā harwāh*
In the heart there is no ease, which Malukh after Badra has lost.

3. *Tō tā āsa yārīāh, mank pai wakhi d'ai ank wāhe*
Ours, yours, was friendship, I bestrew at that time.

4. *Gini kirt thā, hāi hāi, mā Ahli palam nikhkha*
Why dost thou . . woe! woe! the pen of Eternity wrote so.

BURDEN.—5. *Hāi, Malā Malukh tha, O Badrai, Chā Malukh tō thā harai tha.*
Woe, I am Malukh, O Badra, etc., etc.

[540]

1: Leitner L-3 (1866-92) 1900? AV3 Dard AV3 Pard 2

II.

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1. *Gini kiri the, hae hae, mi asiā masi likh taqdir thā*
Why dost thou . . woe, woe! in Eternity did Fate write so.
2. *Darwāzay masā gulakhke dhai Mato tu dardu faqir thu*
On thy gate I lit fire (like Jōgis), I a boy was the beggar of thy door.
3. *Tu hikmat kiu bāndhī thī kishtu lāngo masa sanair thu*
By thy stratagem thou takest the eagle a prisoner in the chain of thy black locks.
4. *Kishtu lāngā, narai narai, panar māyla lī thi utāru*
Black locks, in strings, on thy bright face are twined.
5. *Hae Mala Malukh thu. . . .*
Woe, I am Malukh, etc. . . .

III.

1. *Kishtu lāngā narai narai, panar māy lī dwāndy thu*
Black locks in strings on thy bright face are hanging.
2. *Mī laymāy masā kardī, thu makhchār gi mi armāy thu*
In my body is the knife, thine is this deed which was my desire.
3. *A'khir dhar khyāi shagurī shay fāni na, maid rawāy thu*
At length will remain unfinished this waning (world), I now depart.
4. *Hyā mi kir sirai sirai, fandun gind thu, ma mari thu*
My heart didst thou pierce in holes, where is my life, I am dead.
5. *Hae Hae. . . .*
Woe, I am Malukh, etc

IV.

1. *Hyā mi kir sirai sirai tīrdūr, tay shra nāzuk ghīu*
My heart didst thou pierce throughout, by this thy spear.
2. *Māla tu mari, ti dalbardu, lasāi lā mi janāzuk ghīu*
I am thy dead boy, thy lover, O dearest, go off from my bier.
3. *Khūn tu ghar hagu, ghī tulā sāthāi anai khīrak ghīu*
My blood is on thy neck, alas! thou didst not sit with me, being engaged in thy toilet.
4. *Khīrak kirathi share tu sāk khāyāl mudā chaishithā*
Thy toilet do now, now that thy remembrance of me is slackened by Time.

MATAL (Mal = Proverbs).

PROVERBS.—(1) *Zānda chapīlo rasan khāyāt.*
One who is struck by all, fears even a rope.
(2) *Zerey wai shāl ā kurā shikā.*
Looking towards (the length of) the sheet, extend your feet.
(3) *Hāth shī rakhīn darwāzo ayāt kara.*
Elephant if you keep, make your door wide.

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(4) *Kaṛoṭáí ghuṭigír, ídwáy na hoí kír.*
The Lion attacks, the Jackal makes water.

(5) *Qá mil tillu gáy kadyṭ, ḥáṛ mil tillu mástu khádut.*
With crow went, ate dung; with eagle went, ate flesh.
i.e. In the company of the crow you will learn to eat dung and in that of the eagle, you will eat flesh.

(6) *Tráṭá gatam kaṛí rupoí haḷyáy.*
A penny, for collecting went, lost rupee.

(7) *Aín tala kaywalí dithí, mastí hár shárá tiy.*
Big mouth flattery does, inwardly (in mind) breaks bones.

(8) *Dhúi lawdyo kaṛá márch.*
Two Jackals a lion kill.

(9) *Dhán mastí ek bakrí budí agalu, bátry haḥrey athí.*
In a flock, if a contagious disease to one goat come, it comes to all goats.

(10) *Gáy khuch tátyt sey, gháyo chálí hoat.*
Dung is spread out however much, bad smell so much more becomes.

(11) *Chá shai dárú.*
Brother's remedy is brother.

(12) *Tálaiy uthí, hoá dithál, tín dá boydí.*
A sieve rose, to pot said, "You have two holes."

(13) *Zar bádshah tamam hoiey, hiyá handyár shildt.*
Money of the king is spent, heart of the treasurer pains.

ISHOLÁ (Question).

RIDDLES.—(1) *Shún ghilá chiz thuy, che nahálánt tasí wáiy paishánt andí?*
Such what thing is, which they see towards it, they see themselves in it?

Answer: Mirror. Shún dhan thi. = Such *mirror* is.

(2) *Shún ghalá chiz thúy che surat sánú thi, tjhánt nai?*
Such what thing is, whose figure serpent-like is, does not move?

Answer: Rope. Shún rús thi. = Such rope is.

(3) *Shún ghalá chiz thúy, angár dhardni gilli, dhúan daryo han nikánt?*
Such what thing is, fire is applied to dry grass, the river of smoke flows from it.

Answer: Hookah.

(4) *Shún ghilá chiz thúy, che mut turtí waré nahále? hasánt, khurey we nahále rowt?*
Such what thing is, who seeing towards other body laughs, seeing towards feet, weeps?

Answer: Pincush.

2: Lorimer L-3 (1920-24) 1929 AV3 Dard AV3

there by the local people till a few years ago, when it was stopped, I think, by the orders of the Mīr of Hunza. Animals were slaughtered there " in the name of the Bōyo ".

From a story of Hunza tribal history it appears that the Bōyo were regarded as the avengers of broken oaths taken in their names. In a dispute about the ownership of land between two brothers Khuru and Khamer, Khamer proposed that the case should be decided by their taking oath. Khuru, the weaker party, who was also incidentally in the right, agreed and said: " O brother, the Sahāla Bō.in and the Hālasa Bō.in are very powerful and they are quick to wrath." But Khamer, who meditated a ramp and had no mind to be caught in this way, would not even hear this proposal out. " If we swear by them," he said, " they will work us evil." So the idea was dropped and with it disappeared our chance of learning the methods of taking oath by the Bōyo.[1]

The Bōyo now bear the stigma attaching to the gods of a superseded religion. " Bōyo-worshipper " (bōyo ū.llikinas) is now used in the sense of *heathen, pagan*.

There seems to be a special association between the Bōyo and trees, and the trees share in their sanctity. Whether they each have their own independent virtue, or whether the one owes its worshipfulness in any measure to the merits of the other it is impossible to say.

In the two remaining texts in which I have references to the Bōyo the associate tree plays an important part. In a statement made in Ṣhiṇa by Ṣūbahdār Sulṭān 'Ali of Nagir regarding certain popular practices at Chaprōt he said: " Further they say that all the people used to assemble to do worship to a pine-tree that was there. They used to take a grey goat and slay it at the foot of the tree and a great

[1] I have here accepted the relation of Bō.in and Bōyō as singular and plural which is morphologically quite in order, and is asserted by some, though denied by other, authorities. The word bō.in seems to survive in bō.indūrgas (pl. bō.in dūrgagho) which was explained as ḍēwāb—the spirits of the dead. Dūrg-, occurring in other compounds, appears to refer to a dead person.

2: Lorimer L-3 (1920-24) 1929 AV3 Dard AV3

776 778 782 number of puppy-dogs used to come out from below the pine-tree to drink up the blood. Then the people used to return rejoicing to their homes, and they used to say among themselves: 'Thanks be! Sickness has now been banished from the country.'"

Here it is stated that the tree is worshipped, but that the puppies, who are doubtless the Bōyo, benefit by the sacrifice. [177] The Ṣhina word (ṣilō.iki) translated "worship" means to *appease, placate, propitiate, do reverence to.* It corresponds, I think, exactly to the Burushaski °-ilikinas.

537 The other story, in which the tree also plays the chief rôle, is briefly as follows: From ancient times there was a juniper-tree in the garden of a man called Keramo Derbēsh, living in the Dirāmiting territory. It was called the Bōyo Gal ("the Bōyo juniper"). It was said that formerly animals like puppy-dogs used to come out from under it. The people of Hunza used to propitiate them (worship them) and called them Bōyo. One, Bagher Tham, cut the tree down and he promptly died. Two stems grew up again from the stump and a man cut one of them. He became paralyzed and an idiot. A man called Māmad Shāh cut down the remaining bough and he fell down from a cliff and was killed. After this people were afraid to meddle with the tree and left one bough (not previously mentioned) unmolested. Last year and the preceding year (1923 and 1922) this bough was still *in situ*. Then a man Yaqīn, obtained permission from the owner (Keramo Derbēsh) and cut it down and took it to his house. But he had a dream in which a number of women appeared to him and asked him why he had cut down their juniper-tree, and intimidated him. In view of past history he became alarmed and returned the juniper bough to its original owner, Keramo Derbēsh, in whose house it now lies, for no one will venture to burn it.

776 778 Here we are left wondering whether there was any connection, other than topographical, between the juniper and the

2: Lorimer L-3 (1920-24) 1929 AV3 Dard AV3

In a long story the titles Būrum Pfūt and Dī.u Safīd, the "White Dīv", are used indifferently for a beneficent Dīv, but the story itself must be regarded as a foreign importation.

There is, however, another genuine local story in which Pfūtū play a principal part. The narrator explained them as Jinns, but the story must go far back to long before the time when the word jinn was known in the country, and Dē.ū would seem to be a more appropriate rendering. In this story a man had lost his goat and in searching for it he saw a light and came upon a party of Pfūts engaged in revels. He joined in their dancing and in the feasting which followed it. After the feast the Pfūts collected the skin and bones of the animal which they had eaten. The man concealed the rib which had fallen to his share and the Pfūts replaced it by an artificial wooden rib. Then they shook the bones up in the skin and a goat came to life. The man recognized it as his missing property. When he got home he found the goat awaiting him there, and when he slaughtered it he found it had a wooden rib. During this experience he learnt one of the Pfūts' tunes. It is still known and played in Hunza.

One curious point about this story is that the Pfūts were either indifferent to the presence of a human being, or oblivious of it, and there is no clue to their usual attitude towards man.

The Burushaski Dangalaṭas, and, in some aspects, the Bīlas, are probably to be regarded as female Dē.ūs.

Peri

When we come to the Peris we are on somewhat firmer ground. We know a good deal about their characteristics, and they do still on occasion enter into relations with human beings.

The resemblance of the word "Peri" to "fairy" is of course purely accidental, but there are actually points of similarity between Peris and western fairies, whether or not there is

2: Lorimer L-3 (1920-24) 1929 AV3 Dard AV3

stay we'll throw you down from the mountain.' They thus put me in great fear and then *I* promise to stay." So far, however, he had apparently successfully evaded either staying or being thrown down from the mountain. 776

Of the common motif of a man marrying a fairy wife I have only one example, and it does not contain the usual feature of the fairy wife imposing a prohibition on the man which he breaks to his undoing. In the Ṣhina story the parties are more equally matched than usual, for the husband is a Daiyāl. Still he had the worst of it in the long run. 776 539

A Daiyāl of Herāmosh bewitched a peri and casting a spell on her hair tied it all up in knots. Then he married her and in due course they had a daughter. When the daughter grew up her father instructed her that if her mother ever asked her assistance in dealing with the population of her hair she should give it, but on no account should she undo the knots. One day when the mother and daughter were out with the goats the anticipated situation arose and the girl played her part. The mother then explained that her husband had been angry with her and had tied her hair in knots and she appealed to the girl as her daughter to undo them. In a moment of sympathy and forgetfulness the girl performed the service. Immediately the Peri slew all the goats and flew away carrying her daughter with her. The Daiyāl, on discovering his treble loss, remained where he was weeping and beating his breast.

I think it was in 1922 that Rājā Sifat Bahādur, Governor of Yasin, married a peri lady, presumably *in absentiâ*, but doubtless with all due ceremony. I believe that to his intimates he claimed to have seen her, but a youth, who was probably an epileptic and certainly a scoundrel, acted as go-between and the Peri's agent in the affair. The Rājā cannot have proved a wholly acceptable husband, as shortly after the wedding he had a fall at polo and broke some ribs. Later, I think, he damaged his knee, and before two years were out he was assassinated in Independent Territory. 776 588

796 252 to germinate. It is then taken out, dried and ground in one of the Gilgit water-mills. The flour so made is called *diram*, and of it a sweetmeat is compounded on the first of the month by adding some water, oil of apricots and walnuts to the flour and cooking the whole without the addition of any sugar. This sweetmeat has been tasted by the writer and is called *mailai diram*. It has a sweet flavour in spite of the absence of sugar, the fact being regarded as in a way miraculous. The remaining flour is utilised in making small flat loaves called *diram phiti*. This bread is eaten with raisins and oil. The combination is called *dracha bhat*. The feast is not, however, wholly of a vegetarian nature. In the month of "Nos" (about November) each family kills several sheep, and the meat is dried for future use. A leg and a tail are, however, set apart to be cooked on "Shino Bazono," and are then eaten with the *dracha bhat*.

796 539 The feast, which has been partaken of by all the members of the family together, being over, dancing commences and the following song is sung:—

(1) Aju kal ootá la Drároo aju kal chirring ga ootá.
(2) Goom ái chhani tharega, aju kal chirring ga ootá.
(3) Ghi ái chhani tharega, aju kal chirring ga ootá.
(4) Mos ái chhani tharega, aju kal chirring ga ootá.
(5) Mon ái sarai tharega aju kal chirring ga ootá.
(6) Ash to sho dez ik alo aju kal chirring ga ootá.

Translation:—

(1) May this year come again, oh Brethren, may such a year come again!
(2) We will have our stores filled with wheat, may such a year come again!
(3) Much *ghi* will be produced, may the next year be such a one!
(4) Quantities of meat will be stored, may the next year be such a one!
(5) Our vessels will be filled with wine, may such a year appear again!
(6) A blessed day has come to-day, may such a year appear again!

796 526 [563] At noon all the fighting men assemble and make preparations for polo, while the women ascend to the roofs of the houses on each side of the road along which the procession to the polo-ground will pass. In their hands are long slender sticks, with which, as the procession passes, they belabour their heroes unmercifully. Koliwals are specially made the victims of this castigation. They are the trading community of the country, and the opportunity of paying off old scores is one not to be lost. An unpopular general dealer may consider himself fortunate if he escapes from the hands of these viragos with the payment of a forfeit of gold dust. Next comes the turn of the Rá or chief, who runs the gauntlet mounted. Galloping through, he salams with both hands to the women on either side, but even he is not allowed to pass without the bestowal of liberal largess on his fair subjects. It must be admitted that the ladies generally let him off lightly, for which no doubt they have their reasons. Possibly their position at court depends on it. On the arrival of the procession at the polo-ground, a goat is killed on one of the goal-stones. This sacrifice is called "Bazono-ai-Karai." The goat's head having been cut off, a rope is attached to it; the players then touch the head with their polo-sticks. After this a *doom* or drum-beater sets off at a run holding the end of the cord, to which the goat's head is attached behind. After him rides the raja or *trangfa* of the village, who strikes the head

3: Muhammad G-3 (ca. 1900) 1907 AV3 Dard AV3

repeatedly with his stick till they reach the opposite goal. This ends this part of the festival. Polo then begins, and, as is the fashion in these parts, is continued without intermission till the evening of the great day. 796 526

The "Ayi Boyi" Ceremony.

Ayi Boyi is the name of a Gilgiti month falling next to "Shino Borino." The day fixed for performing the ceremony was publicly announced by the Rá throughout the village. All the boys and young men of the village assembled in the afternoon at a place just below the Rá's dwelling. The Rá used to sit on the roof of the house surrounded by his private servants, and a heap of walnuts was laid before him, while his followers laid a heap of ashes near them. The Rá then threw all the walnuts among the people below, who scrambled for them. While they were thus employed a heavy shower of ashes was hurled down by the Rá's servants upon them. In the merriment which followed, the people would rush towards the Rá, endeavouring to seize him or his servants, if they were strong enough to do so; while if they proved to be the weaker, the chief's followers would turn the tables against them. Should the chief himself or any of his suit fall into their hands, he was only released on the payment of a suitable forfeit; but, should the struggle result in the favour of the chief and his party, the prisoners made from among the people were released after a few days' captivity. 796

II.

The Ceremony of "Ganoni."

The inhabitants of these parts are strictly prohibited from tasting any new crop before accomplishing the "Ganoni" ceremony, which is celebrated in the middle of June, when the wheat and barley are ripe. The Rajah or headman of the village fixes and proclaims throughout his district the days for the performance of this ceremony, which is carried out in the following manner. On the afternoon of the day fixed the people set out to their fields with loaves fried in butter, which are greedily eaten at a corner of the field by all the members of the family. After this they cut some ears of barley, bring them to their homes, and keep them for a while on a fire. These husked and roasted grains are now put in a small basin filled with milk or curds. Of this milk every member of the family takes three wooden spoons full. Then national dances and vainglorious songs continue till late in the night. 527 [784] [252]

The Duma Nikha Ceremony.

When the people have finished the labour of reaping and winnowing their spring and autumn crops, and have put the grain into bags to carry to their homes, they recite the following prayer:— 527 539

(1) Bismillah ya Khudaya Barakat deh.
(2) Oosum, Doosum ai Barakat deh.
(3) Kharki jawân ai Barakat deh.

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(4) Katawâl, Batawâl ai Barakat deh.
(5) Gilt Malik ai Barakat deh.
(6) Sharo ai Rat ai lo bu sing Barakat deh.
(7) Oval ai sur ai Barakat deh.
(8) Jâkun ai shing nikheh sang Barakat deh.
(9) Gigo ai dayin o sang Barakat deh.

Translation :—

(1) In thy name, O merciful Lord, give us abundance!
(2) Gve us abundance like Oosum and Doosum (remarkable men of ancient times)!
(3) Gve us abundance like the brave Kharki (Kharki, the people say, was 4½ yards tall)!
(4) Gve us abundance like Katawall and Batawall (also ancient heroes)!
(5) Gve us prosperity like Malik, the Raja of Gilgit!
(6) Gve us abundance, so that we may carry our grain home throughout the long night of autumn till it is dawn!
(7) Gve us abundance like the long day of summer!
(8) Gve us abundance till horns grow out of the ass!
(9) Gve us abundance till a beard grows from the rocks!

[526] After gathering their crops the inhabitants celebrate a festival called "Duma Nikha," an expression of their feeling of freedom from all agricultural labour, and indulge in recreations and games, the chief of which is polo. A goat is killed and roasted and the meat eaten at the place where they perform their dances, which continue late into the night. They also add to their enjoyment by shooting at a mark, after which the assembly breaks up.

III.

Marriage.

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When a boy reaches 16 or 17 years of age, his parents begin to search for a wife for him, and as soon as they hear of a likely girl, they summon the headmen of their own village, to whom they give food, and request them to ask such and such a person to give his daughter in marriage. The headmen carry this message to the father of the girl, who entertains them for one or two days. During this time he summons his relatives and the headmen of his own village, in order to consult them in the matter. In the case of consent being given, a prayer is read by both the parties as sealing the promise. The boy's father now presents the following things to the girl's father in token of their new relationship —

Cloth	...	5 yards.
Needle	...	1
Knife	...	1
Rope	...	1

A period is also fixed for celebrating the marriage, and the party returns. About a fortnight before the appointed time the father or guardian of the boy starts for the girl's village, with three tuloos of gold (1 tuloo = 8 mashas), which is given to her father, and fixes the number of individuals to join the procession, as well as the exact date of arrival. Returning home he makes all necessary arrangements and sends four seers of *ghi* called "tão ai ghi" (*ghi* of the pan). The "Tão" (pan) ceremony cannot be performed until this *ghi* reaches the party, so that should there be any delay in sending it, the side in fault pays one tuloo of gold as a fine for being late. The "Tão" ceremony is performed before a number of the village people at 8. P.M., the night before marriage. A large iron pan is placed in the middle of the assembly, and a man of the Katchati or Babusi family rushes forth with some *ghi*, *atta*, and seeds of wild rue or leaves of *chili*; and, putting these things into the pan, burns a little fire under it till the contents begin to smoke. To fumigate all the air in the room he holds the pan by its brim and, lifting his hands above his head, commences to dance to the accompaniment of the band, while the people applaud and sing this song :—

(1) Tung tao Bair Gul yao
Tung tao Jet Tanya na diayam
Tung tao aki Tananam.
(2) Tung tao Gilit Malika
Tung tao Jet Tanya na diayam
Tung tao aki Tananam.
(3) Tung tao Rajat ai yashki, etc.
(4) Tung tao Romot ai yashki, etc.
(5) Tung tao Kashir Shah Mira, etc.
(6) Tung tao polo Maqpuna, etc.
(7) Tung tao beero Moghlota, etc.
(8) Tung tao uzir Khana Ra, etc.
(9) Tung tao Suchyo Girkisa, etc.
(10) Tung tao Maryo Machotya, etc.
(11) Tung tao Neelo But ajih, etc.

Translation—

(1) The pan belongs to Bair Gul.
I will never let anyone place this pan on the hearth,
I will place it there myself.
(2) The pan belongs to Malik, the chief of Gilgit.
I will never let any other place this pan on the hearth,
I will place it there myself.
(3) The pan is worthy of belonging to kings, etc.
(4) The pan is worth being kept by a family, etc.
(5) The pan belongs to Shah Mir, the chief of Kashmir, etc.
(6) The pan belongs to Maqpun, the chief of Skardu, etc.
(7) The pan belongs to Mughlot, the chief of Nagir, etc.

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(8) The pan belongs to Khana, the Raja of Yasin, etc.
(9) The pan belongs to righteous Girkis (the ruler of Hunza).
(10) The pan belongs to Maryo, the son of Machat (a celebrated person of the Rono family), etc.
(11) The pan is placed on Neelo But, etc.

At the same time the women recite the following song :—

(1) Thoki loozham Bair Gul yao
Thoki loozham Jet Minyoiki na diyam
Thoki loozham aki Meenam.
(2) Thoki loozham Gilit Malika
Thoki loozham Jet Minyoiki na diyan
Thoki loozham aki Meenam.
(3—11) Etc. etc. etc.

Translation :—

(1) A large coral grain belongs to Bair Gul.
I will never let another string this on a thread.
I will string it myself.
(2) A large coral grain belongs to Malik, the chief of Gilgit.
I will never let another string this.
I will string it myself.
(3—11) Continues on the lines of above song till its end.

The Katchata then places the pan on the hearth for a moment, and then, lifting it up again, commences to dance and sing in the above manner. Once more he repeats his performance (the one which closes this "Duban" ceremony), and then bringing out a maiden from the crowd, employs her to cook, without assistance, some small cakes on the pan. When four or five cakes are ready she hands over her task to other women, who readily take it up. Leaving the women to cook a dinner for them, the men go to another room, where they make merry by dancing and singing throughout the night, which is called after this ceremony "Tāo ai Rat" (the night of the pan). If the procession has to go to a village at some distance, the bridegroom is bathed at dawn. Then, wearing as neat and clean clothes as they can afford, the retinue starts with the following song, which is recited by the bridegroom :—

"Aroo rake ar ga stomai dodai ajeh at salam ik theam."

Translation :—

I will go into my home and salute my dearest mother, whose milk I have sucked.

Herewith he proceeds to his home to salute his mother, and, on his return, the party recites the following poem :—

(1) Agooroo bai la agooroo but
(2) Ash to sho dez ik alo agooroo bai la agooroo but
(3) Nuh but sonai tulishi agoroo bai la agooroo but

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Translation :—

(1) Grow heavy, O stone, grow heavy!
(2) A blessed day has come to-day.
Grow heavy, O stone, grow heavy!
(3) This stone will be weighted with gold.
Grow heavy, O stone, grow heavy!

At evening, when the party approaches their destination, a merry shout makes known their arrival and is echoed from the opposite party. Both parties, on entering the bride's house, compete with each other in reciting songs boasting of the noble and heroic deeds of their ancestors and their chiefs; and then, having taken their food, they continue dancing till late in the night. The next morning a mullah, who always accompanies the procession with the bridegroom, reads the marriage service. The girl's father then brings the ornaments, clothes and utensils, etc., for his daughter. If he is a well-to-do man he presents the above things without charging their price to her husband. If this be done, his son-in-law cannot, through all his life, lay any claim to the property, which is always considered to be that of his wife, and she can marry anyone she pleases on her husband's death. But if the girl's father, being in straitened circumstances, cannot afford to give the things without recovering their cost, the boy's father has to pay their equivalent at the time, in cattle or clothes, etc., or whatever amount the arbitrators may decide, and in this case the bridegroom has full control over the property; on his death his wife cannot marry anyone without obtaining the consent of his relatives. This custom is called *kalak malak*.

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When the ceremonies are over, the bridegroom's party makes its preparations to return. To entice the damsel out of her home the people recite the following song:—

(1) Nikha mal ai bilili to ke khiaranini.
(2) Nikha char ai barai to ke khiaranini.
(3) Nikha sonelo jako to ke khiaranini.
(4) Nikha garo achiai to ke khiaranini.
(5) Nikha mukhailo doni to ke khiaranini.

Translation :—

(1) Come out, O beloved of your mother, why are you delaying?
(2) Come out, O water sprite, why are you delaying?
(3) Come out, O possessor of golden locks, why are you delaying?
(4) Come out, O mistress of charming eyes, why are you delaying?
(5) Come out, O owner of pearly teeth, why are you delaying?

On this she is brought out. She weeps bitterly at the separation from her relatives, and the assembly sings the following song:—

(1) Phonar ai molai ae nai ro Thhy rong bujai.
(2) Hun khin ajeh bujai molai ae Thhy rong bujai.
(3) Thy hiyo dija ae na'ro molai ae Thhy rong bujai.

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Translation :—

(1) Do not weep, O flower-like girl, thy complexion will turn pale!
(2) Thou wilt go on a lofty hill, O girl, thy complexion will turn pale.
(3) Thou wilt (by weeping) burn your heart, thy complexion will turn pale.

In Shinaki there is a custom called "Kao." If a young man has determined to marry a certain girl but her parents are not willing to give her to him, the young man either calls out in an assembly of the village headmen:—"The girl is mine, and I will perform 'Kao' if she is not given to me." Sometimes in order to assemble the people he fires a gun outside the village and utters the same words in the presence of those who collect; or if he gets an opportunity he tears the girl's shirt slightly in the presence of some other men and says to her:—"You are mine." When this has been done, the parents are obliged to marry the girl to him, but they can demand from him whatever they like up to the limit of his means. If they marry the girl to anyone else, the young man will murder the girl as well as her husband as soon as he gets an opportunity.

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IV.

The Ceremony of "Seelo-ai-Thali" (Seat of Chastity).

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This ceremony was performed for old women, who have been virtuous and chaste throughout their lives. These women were called "Seelo," and their descendants were very proud of them, so that on the occasion of family quarrels they used to say to the opposite party, "What have you to say to us? Our mother is "Seelo," while yours is not." To accomplish this rite, an elevated stone platform, about five yards each in length and breadth and a yard in height, was erected by the woman's nearest relatives. On the day appointed all her kinsmen came to the place, with a white she-goat as a sacred judge, to decide the fate of the old woman. The latter was clad in silk and placed on a bench. The eldest of the family bound a silk turban on his head, as well as on that of the goat; and, placing the goat below the bench with its face westward, addressed it in the following manner:—

"O thou white goat, if my daughter" (or whatever relative the woman was to the speaker) "has throughout her life lived an honest, virtuous and pious life and has remained clear of the sins and crimes of falsehood, theft, debauchery and treachery, be pleased to salute this bench for the sake of such a righteous and godly woman." In the case of the woman having led a blameless life, the goat by touching the bench approved her virtue. The assembled crowd then broke forth in cheers, and as an expression of their joy the relatives killed several goats and fed the people present. But if it happened otherwise, and the goat instead of performing what was considered an obeisance to the bench, ran round it bleating, then a great shame took hold of all the woman's kinsmen, and they ran away to their homes, never to speak to her again during the remainder of her life.

YĀTHINI

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Adjacent to and on the southern side of Basin, a village about three miles west of Gilgit, there stands a cliff at the junction ofthe Kargah and Naupur nullahs. A large image of an erect Buddha has been sculpured on the rock-face, about 30 feet above the ground. It is without doubt a sculpture of ancient date and shows that the valley was once inhabited by a race professing Buddhism. The people call it "Yāthini" (giantess), and relate an interesting story about it. They say that she was the sister of Shri Badat, a King of Gilgit who was the descendant of giants. She lived on the said rock and, being a man-eater like her broher, was in the habit of killing and devouring half as many of the men as happened to pass by, leaving the other half unmolested. The princess continued this practice for a long period, to the great distress of the inhabitants, until a certain Danyal named Soglio, feeling the loss of so many people dear to his heart, devised a successful plan of murdering her in order to save his beloved countrymen. With the above design in his mind he set out for the place with a party of brave and bold men. Reaching the spot he burnt a small fire at the foot of the said rock, and his companions took their seat around it in a small circle. The Danyal, according to his usual custom, put some *chili* (juniper) leaves on the fire and inhaled its smoke. Thus driving himself into a state of ecstacy, he commenced dancing and singing some magic incantations, which were repeated by his companions. The Yāthini was elated at the prospect of more victims. As soon as she approached the Danyal he stepped forward and addressed her in a song, of which the following is a translation :—

"Have not you heard, O lovely princess, that your father has expired to-day?" Hearing this sad news, she struck her breast with her right hand. Soglio, who had with him some long iron nails, thrust one of them through her hand, as it lay on her breast, with such rapidity and strength tha the nail penetrated her chest and went far into the rock behind. Soglio then sang another song, in which he sang as follows :—"Have not you heard, O charming princess, that your brother has also died to-day? On this she struck her second hand on her thigh. Soglio quickly pierced this with another sharp nail. The Yāthini was thus firmly fixed to the rock, and was unable to move, or to take revenge. The party was much delighted at this success of the Danyal who further turned her into a stone by his prayer, and even more delighted were the inhabitants when they heard of the good news. The unfortunate Soglio requested the people to bury him on his death near the Yāthini as otherwise she would return to life and continue her cruelties. The people, who had now obtained their desire, held a private council to discuss the matter. They argued that no one could tell when and where Soglio would die, and whether they would be alive or able to procure his body at the time, should he die in some far-away country or by drowning in the river; in which case the Yāthini would recommence her practices with renewed ferocity. After a long debate they thought it best to assassinate Soglio at once. A man was appointed to accomplish the horrible task, which he did, and Soglio was at the same time buried close to the figure on the rock.

3: Muhammad G-3 (ca. 1900) 1907 AV3 Dard AV3

frequently visited by fairies who used to make these inscriptions, as in the opinion of the Chilasis it is beyond man's power to produce such inscriptions. It is also affirmed that these fairies were seen in those days by all men, but nowadays they are visible to no one except to a great Mullah by dint of his miracles. The Bagrot people say that the carvings were inscribed on stones by the fairies on the night of "Shino Bazono;" and that on the same night the fairies frequently used to rub away the figures from one stone and to engrave the same on another.

The Ceremony of Sri Kun.

Sri Kun is said to be the sister of Nagi Sochemi, and lived at Shankank, a village near Godai in the District of Astore. The villagers used to present goats to this goddess and prayed before her seat for the supply of their wants. Her followers were strictly prohibited from keeping cows, or drinking their milk, and were under the impression that by so doing they were apt to lose their flocks, herds, or the produce of their lands.

"Jainkish" and "Dewaro."

At Gilgit proper and in the surrounding villages there are seen two small tracts of land called "Jainkish" and "Dewaro." The former is situated on the river bank and the latter at the foot of a hill, except at some places in which they both are found at the foot of a hill. In ancient times, when Islam had not spread to these parts, the tribes used to burn the dead at "Jainkish," and a few days after they gathered and carried away the bones to "Dewaro," where they buried them in one pit. Remnants of bones still mark these places, though the traces have almost been obliterated by time. In these circumstances, however, one is not wrong in supposing that Muhammadanism is of recent growth.

Several old men still living at Gilgit relate that they used to play with the brass bangles and rings which they found in "Jainkish;" but to carry away such articles to their houses was considered improper. From this it appears that the dead bodies were burnt with their ornaments.

Sankar Village and a "Chinar" Tree.

There is a small populous village named Sankar in the Bagrot Valley. It is said that when this tract was lying waste, a Fakir named Shah Burya passed through and halted there for a short time. Becoming thirsty and finding no water, he prayed to God for a good supply. His prayer was granted, and a sufficient quantity of water burst forth from an adjacent hill. After a few days Shah Burya felt the heat of the sun, and planting his stick, which was of *chinar* wood, deep into the ground, prayed again to the Almighty to make it into a large *chinar* tree. This prayer was also granted, and a big tree grew, under whose shadow he afterwards used to sit. The branches of this tree are said to have been once so large and spreading that they touched the neighbouring hill about 600 yards distant, across the Bagrot Nullah. The tree was afterwards burnt by the Mongols, but after a short period five shoots sprang out from its trunk, and these are still to be seen, forming an enclosure about 30 yards wide.

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A Pearl Tree on the Deobani Mountain.

On the east of Tashot, a village in the Bagrot Valley, there stands a snow-covered mountain called Deobani. The people say that there is a large pearl tree on its top, which is the property of the fairies and giants. A good mountaineer is said to have once reached its summit. Gathering a load of the pearls, he started down towards his home. But he was surprised to see a crowd of giants and fairies coming after him, and, being frightened by their approach, he thought it better to throw away all the pearls in order to save his life; he was surprised, however, to find that a fairy still followed him as far as his house. There he closed his door. While changing his clothes he found that a pearl was hidden in his shoes. The pearl was then thrown towards the fairy; she picked it up and disappeared. A similar story is related about Nanga Parbat, a mountain on the west of Astor.

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Shangali Ween.

At about two miles east of Danyore, a village about three miles east of Gilgit, there is seen on the northern side of the road leading to the Bagrot Valley a small piece of ground about one yard square surrounded by walls about three feet high. This place is called "Shangali Ween" (place of putting chain). It is said that there used to be a golden chain hanging in the air without any support. In ancient times, when any case was to be decided on oath, both the parties were carried there and each of them addressed the chain in the following manner: "O *Sojo Shangali* (sacred chain), whoever of us is sinful please accuse him by striking his neck; and the chain used miraculously to whirl round the neck of the man who was guilty. The man was then convicted and punished by the authorities according to law. No chain is now found at the spot, and the people relate an interesting story about its disappearance. They say that two men of the Bagrot Valley were once coming together to Gilgit: one of them had brought some gold with him which the other succeeded in stealing. Making a small hole in his stick, he put the gold secretly into it. The men, after a long quarrel about the lost gold, decided that the case should be settled by the Shangali. When they were entering the place, the guilty man gave his stick which contained the gold to the other, and they both began to beg before the Shangali, asking that, whichever of them had gold in his possession, he might be struck by the Shangali. The Shangali, who was aware of the trick, was much enraged at this attempt to deceive, and, considering itself offended, at once disappeared for ever without settling their case. The loser of gold was now very angry, and in a fit of his anger struck the stick on the walls of the enclosure. The stick broke and the lost gold was discfosed.

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Nong and Chakrot Bari.

Near Laos village in the Astor district there is a small fountain called Nong. The people consider it a sacred one and offer sacrifices at the place for the fulfilment of their wants. If owing to drought a loss of their crops is expected, or if for any other reason heavy rain is required, the people used to throw some unclean thing into the spring, such as the bone of a dog; it then began to rain, and continued until the object was taken out. Owing to the belief that the spring was sacred and, moreover, able

3: Muhammad G-3 (ca. 1900) 1907 AV3 Dard AV3

to inflict harm upon the people, they themselves did not dare to put an unclean thing into the spring; and therefore on such occasions a foreigner was employed to perform this act, receiving as remuneration a large quantity of grain collected for the purpose at the rate of two seers per house. After receiving this grain he threw some unclean thing into the spring; and took it out when the rain was no more required. There are two other similar springs: one in the Bagrot Valley, called Chakrot Bari; and the other near the Tarshing village in the Astor District, called Komachon uts.

"Rashoo ai Yudaini."

(The Fairies' Drum of Rashoo.)

The Doms of Bulchhi, a village in the Bagrot Valley, have still in their possession a small drum about one foot in diameter and three feet in circumference. This is called "Rashoo ai Yudaini". It was once carefully kept in a handsome cover by Rashoo, a Rono Wazir of Gilgit, who had ruled for the chief in that place. It is said, that whenever Rashoo intended to advance against any chief, the Yudaini was brought and kept before him. If it made a noise, without having been beaten by anybody, Rashoo believed it an omen of success. But if it were silent, Rashoo postponed his expedition.

The Hoof Mark of a Horse.

Between Edgah and Balan villages in the Astore district there are seen on a rock near the old road which faces the Phina village, a few small flags. It is said that at this place there is a mark on a stone of the hoof of a horse. The story of the hoof-print is this—The place was once haunted by a giantess, who was a bitter enemy of mankind, and had become the terror of the people. The people wished to get rid of her. By the providence of God, one day a venerable Darwesh—some say that the Darwesh was no one else but Hazrat Khizar himself—halted on the river-bank close to the foot of the Phina village, and saw the giantess across the stream. He flung himself on his horse and, spurring it vigorously, came upon the giantess with the speed of lightning. She had no alternative left but to take to her heels, which she did, leaving the noise of her shrieks behind, and was never seen again. The horse had come upon it with such a vigour that the stone gave way under its weight, and there burst forth from the stone a spring of cool, fresh water. Though there exists no trace of it now, it is still looked upon as a sacred place, and the people from far and near gather together annually to celebrate the event by killing a sheep, feasting upon it, and making merry.

XI.

The Foot of Malik the Rá of Gilgit.[1]

It is said that one of the feet of Malik, an ancient Rá of Gilgit, was naturally formed like the hoof of an ass. He took great care to conceal this defect from all people. One of his old servants had, however, a knowledge of the mystery; but he was strictly forbidden by the Rá to disclose the secret. The servant kept it from becoming known

[1] [Cf. the Greek story of Midas and his ears, and of how their asinine form was revealed to the people.—Ed.]

539 for a long time, in fear lest his life should be in danger should he breathe but a single word. But his belly began to swell day by day, owing to his keeping the knowledge to himself. He was at a loss to know how to cure his disease without betraying the secret, but at last thought of a remedy, and went up a lofty mountain to search out a lonely place where there would be no shepherds or other men. There he dug a small hole sufficiently large to hold his head. Seeing that nobody was anywhere near, he put his head into the hole and began to cry as loud as possible, in order to let out the secret from his belly, that one of the feet of Malik was like the hoof of an ass. He continued repeating the words till he felt quite cured, and then returned to Gilgit. A couple of *chili* trees are said to have grown up after a short time on the spot where he had uttered the words. A certain shepherd happened to go there and by chance cut a branch of one of the trees for the purpose of making a flute out of the wood. He brought it home and fashioned it into an instrument. But when the flute was blown it always uttered the sentence which the servant of the Rá had uttered on the mountain. The news soon got about, and the people were so surprised to hear it that numbers came from a far distance to satisfy their curiosity by seeing and hearing such a miraculous flute. The Rá himself even heard the news, to his perplexity and sorrow. He called for his servant to question him, and to punish him if there had been any fault on his part. But the man was unable to reply until he had traced the origin of the wood of which the flute was made. Having done this, he ascertained that the miraculous power of the flute was due to him. Begging pardon of the chief, he related to him the story, to the latter's great amusement, and thus saved his life.

XII.

The Legend of Shri Badat the Man-Eater.

Once upon a time there lived a chief at Gilgit named Shri Badat. He was in the habit of obtaining a sheep daily from his subjects. One day, when eating his dinner, he was much surprised to find that the meat was more tasty than before. He ordered his *kukhin* (darogha of the kitchen) to find out where the sheep was brought from. The *kotwal* concerned was sent for, and he stated that he had got this sheep from a woman of the Barmas village. She was ordered to appear at once. The woman who did not know the reason of this sudden call, was much frightened at being brought before the chief, whom she had never seen before. Trembling as she approached the court, she was much relieved on hearing Shri Badat's questions and cheerily replied as follows: "Peace be ever upon thee, O thou great King of Gilgit! The mother of this sheep had died a few days after its birth, and the lamb being very beautiful was very much admired by me. Thinking it a hardship to lose the lamb as well as the ewe, I fed it with my own milk until it was able to graze. A few days ago the same lamb was presented to your Highness." Shri Badat was very pleased on hearing this story, and gave the woman a liberal reward and dismissed her. Sitting alone, he began to think over the cause of the tastiness of the meat. He argued that when the meat of a lamb which had for a short time only sucked the human breast, was so excellent to the taste, the meat of the human being who is

3: Muhammad G-3 (ca. 1900) 1907 AV3 Dard AV3

always nourished by human milk would certainly be better than that of an animal. Coming to this conclusion, he gave orders that a tax of human children should be levied in future instead of sheep, and that their meat should always be served at his dinner. In this way he became a man-eater. 539

THE CAPTURE OF GILGIT BY SKARDU CHIEFS; THE SOUL OF SHRI BADAT AND THE "TALINO" AND "NISALO" CEREMONIES.

In the reign of Shri Badat, a Buddhist Chief of Gilgit, three princes named Khisrau, Jamshed and Shamsher, the sons of Azur, a chief of Skardu, are said to have arrived at Danyore, a village situated about four miles east of Gilgit at the junction of the Gilgit and Hunza rivers. They were the first Muhammadan chiefs who started from Skardu to conquer and subdue the hill States of Hunza, Nagar and Gilgit. They had succeeded in capturing the two former States, and it was now the turn of Gilgit to fall into their hands. The people relate an interesting story about their arrival and their obtaining possession of the fertile tract of Gilgit proper. They say the princes were born of fairies and arrived at Danyore flying on wings from the lofty mountains where the fairies live. One day they saw a wild cow grazing on the "Danyore Khoh," a hill at about two miles distant from the place they were sitting. The elder brothers, Khisrau and Jamshed, requested the younger, Shamsher, to shoot the cow with his bow and arrow. Shamsher out of respect for his elder brothers said that he could not shoot first, but he was overruled and compelled to carry out the request. He then took up his bow and arrow and aiming at the cow shot her with such dexterity that her body was pierced by the arrow. The Danyore people were much surprised to see this skill of Shamsher, and ran away noisily to the hill to fetch the body. They found the animal lying half-dead of the wound caused by the arrow, which had penetrated the heart. The cow was brought to the village and placed before the princes, who ordered the liver to be roasted and served. When the meat was brought in, Khisrau and Jamshed remarked that it would be seemly on Shamsher's part to eat it himself, as it was the result of his skill. In vain did Shamsher try to make them join. He was thus obliged to eat it himself, but he had not taken more than three or four slices, when both his elder brothers took flight into the air and disappeared. Shamsher also tried his utmost to follow his brothers, but the meat just taken by him had worked such an effect on his body that he could not even rise a little above the surface of the earth, and reproaching himself with the deed which had caused his separation from his beloved but faithless brothers, he remained content to pass his future days in the village. The inhabitants of Danyore who had seen his marvellous act, considered him, on account of his being "fairy-born," of a race superior to their own, and always showed him much respect and obedience. After a lapse of some months he related to a large gathering of the villagers around him, that he had just seen a big markhor frolicking hither and thither on the Hapukor Mountain (above Naupur and Naikoo villages), and that he wished to shoot it at once with his arrow. They were very surprised to know that he had seen a markhor from a distance of more than four miles, and they would not have believed him had they not already experienced his miraculous power of sight on the occasion of his 173 [311] 776

539 776 173 showing the cow, and had they not believed him to be fairy-born. They all therefore expressed their pleasure at his wish to shoot the markhor. Shamsher then aimed at his victim, and, shooting the arrow with all his might, cried out that he had killed the markhor, to the great joy of the villagers, many of whom expressed their wish to accompany him in fetching the dead animal. They went up the hill and the Nooper stream and found the markhor lying on the self-same spot that had been pointed out by Shamsher, and they all heartily congratulated him on his success. The sun was high and the day hot, and the men, who were tired, searched for and found a spring well shaded by trees. There they slept for a while. Miyo Khki Soni, a daughter of Shri Badat, used also to live on the same mountain near the spring, in order to pass the hot summer days. A maid-servant of hers happened to come there to fetch water, and was surprised to find that some strangers were sleeping near the spring. She returned at once and reported the matter to her mistress, who became very angry and ordered all her maid-servants to capture and bring them before her. This was done. Shamsher was a youth of handsome and comely appearance, and as soon as the princess saw him her rage fled, so that she forgot every angry word she had thought of as befitting the occasion, and very politely and amiably asked after his health and the cause of his coming up the mountain. She was so much struck and pleased with his refined behaviour and elegant manners that she at once exclaimed

"I might call thee a thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble."

Shamsher asked for her permission to leave and go down the hill, but this was refused and the party was amiably invited to stay the night. They devoted much of their time to conversation, and Miyo Khki modestly showed her preference by listening to the stories of the prince's adventures and deeds of valour from his own lips. At last he gained a tender place in her heart. The moment was a critical one for Shamsher, who thanked her courteously for her favourable consideration and told her that the idea of her giving her hand to a foreigner like himself would prove a sorrow to all concerned when the news reached Shri Badat. These words were hard to bear, and the soft-hearted princess began to weep and fell down at his feet. This action of Miyo Khki produced a sudden effect on the heart of Shamsher, who feeling for her unbearable grief, lifted her up from his feet and gently consented to their union, in spite of the fate that might await them at her father's hand. The princess was pleased beyond expression, and her subsequent devotion is a proof of her feelings. She ordered all her maid-servants to appear, and explained to them her desire. She also informed them how dear she was to Shri Badat and that this would cause him to listen to her appeal. But if any of them should tell the news, she must consider her life as at an end, and her property confiscated. They all trembled at the words of their mistress, and with due respect expressed themselves to the effect that her happiness was their heartfelt desire, and that they were extremely glad to know of this selection: and they promised that nobody else should hear a word about this engagement from their mouths. The marriage ceremonies were secretly performed on the same night, and Miyo Khki was, some people say, named Sakina, but according to others her name became Nur Bukht. Next morning Shamsher allowed his Daryni

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companions to go down to their village, with instructions to keep what they had seen a secret. Shamsher became filled with the desire to make himself ruler of Gilgit, and began to instigate his wife to murder her father and to raise the Daeyori people secretly against him. Sakina, whose passions had mastered her sense of duty, prepared to take her father's life for the sake of her beloved stranger. Shri Badat, being the descendant of giants, had no fear of being attacked by sword or arrow, as these weapons had no effect on his body, and no one knew what his soul was made of. The first thing therefore for Shamsher to inquire was the secret of his soul. So, on a certain day, in order to gratify this desire, and to prove the trust his wife had in him, he promised that as soon as the leaves of a certain tree should decay and become yellow, she should no more see her father. It happened that the leaves of the tree decayed much earlier than usual, and Sakina, thinking that it meant the death of her father, went down the hill lamenting; but she was much surprised to find that he was still alive. She related to her father that a few days ago a certain *fakir* had gone up the hill and had foretold that as soon as the leaves of a certain tree should turn yellow she should unfortunately find herself an orphan. On this day the leaves of the tree had turned yellow, and, considering this an ill-omen, her filial love had caused her to prostrate herself at his feet, but she thanked God it was not so, and that the *fakir's* statement had proved false. Shri Badat said in reply, "O my affectionate daughter, nobody in the world can kill me, as no one knows of what my soul is made. How can it be injured until someone knows its nature? It is beyond a man's power to inflict harm on my body." Sakina said that her happiness depended on his life and safety. As she was dearest to him in the world, he should have no hesitation in informing her of the secret of his soul. She would, moreover, be able to forestall any unfavourable events, and to show her filial love by devoting her life to the safety of her kind father. He used much *finesse* in turning the topic of conversation, and made many pretences in order to keep his secret from his daughter, in spite of her pertinacity. His paternal love at last compelled him to grant her wishes, and he informed her that his soul was made of *ghi* (butter), a substance which cannot be melted without much heat; and that whenever she should see a large fire burning in or around his fort, she must consider it the last day of his life. But he did not know that he was putting his life in danger by confiding in a weak-hearted woman, who was being used to take his life. Miyo Khki passed a few days with her father and then went up to her hill-abode, where she found her beloved Shamsher anxiously awaiting her arrival. To him she related her conversation with Shri Badat. He was extremely glad to receive this description of Shri Badat's soul, as he was prepared to spare no pains in taking his life. The information acquired now led him to think of the speedy fulfilment of his hopes. He is said to have sent for his Daeyori companions secretly, who had accompanied him to the hill, and whose loyalty was unquestionable, since they believed him to be born of a fairy. The cruelty of Shri Badat knew no bounds, so that he had earned the title of man-eater; and his subjects were already looking for an opportunity of getting rid of the tyrant in order to save the lives of their innocent children. In a few words therefore Shamsher won the Daeyori men's approval of the plot against the life of Shri Badat, adding that he was now master of the secret of their ruler's

539 776 173 soul. They agreed to lend a helping hand to Shamsher and to raise the subjects secretly against their merciless chief. On finding that the majority of the people had joined him, Shamsher fixed a date for accomplishing the deed by burning a large fire late at night round the fort of Shri Badat. A few days before the appointed day, he sent down Sakina to her father with instructions to keep the secret, while he himself went down to Danyore village to make his preparations. At about 3 A.M. on the night appointed for the purpose, all the people turned out of their homes with torches in their hands and a quantity of wood. Shri Badat's fort was situated about 200 yards east of the present Gilgit polo-ground on the site of the houses of the Bairai family. The people were still some way from the fort when Shri Badat's spirit began to feel uneasy. He therefore asked his daughter to go out and see what was the cause of his restlessness. This undutiful and faithless woman, who had a perfect knowledge of the conspiracy, went out and returned after some delay, in order to let the people come closer, and said that there was nothing to be feared outside the fort. But Shri Badat's increasing uneasiness brought him out of his room. He found himself in a very awkward position, having by this time been surrounded by the enemy, who had succeeded in planting large fires round the fort. In this predicament he had no time to consider the necessity of punishing his wicked daughter, but at once jumped up in the air and took wing towards Chotar Khan, a snowy tract in the Ishkoman Valley. He is said to have rested at Yashpur (a deserted village near about 12 miles west of Gilgit) Hinzil, where he requested somebody to bring him a cup of cold water. The village had a plentiful produce of grapes, and the inhabitants used to make wine from them. The man therefore brought out a cup of wine to Shri Badat, who refused, saying angrily that, seeing that he had come there after having escaped from a fire which had done great injury to his soul, it was improper for the man to give him wine instead of cold water, which was what he had asked for. But some would bring him water, and, being thus dissatisfied with the treatment of the villagers, he cursed the place, saying that it would be totally ruined and laid waste, so as to produce no grapes again. It happened in the following year that the glacier which afforded a supply of water for the village melted away, thus effectually destroying the village cultivation forever. From Yashpur Shri Badat went to Chotar Khan and hid himself there under a big glacier, where he is still said to have his abode. The people have a firm belief that he will re-appear at Gilgit to renew his rule over them with redoubled fury. Being afraid of his regaining the kingdom, the people are in the habit of burning big fires in their houses throughout the night of the anniversary in November on which Shri Badat was driven from Gilgit, in order to keep away his ghost if it return. On this night no one ventures to sleep, but to while away the time they are in the habit of dancing and singing round the big fires. This ceremony is called "Talino." There is, however, a family of Kulchins (the kitchen servants of Shri Badat) who do not take part in the performance of the ceremony; for they are still loyal and faithful to their master, and are still desirous of his returning to his own. This is the only family now residing at Gilgit who are well-wishers of Shri Badat. It is curious that they should have escaped injury at the hands of the opposite party.

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2 [i.e. Shri Badat See CAT. 116 pp. 114-113---ANALYST]

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On the afternoon of the following day each family kills five goats for every house, as a token of their happiness at being free for one more year from the re-arrival of the cruel chief. The meat is dried and kept to be cooked during the following months. It is said that the meat of the goats killed on this day does not turn bad, even if kept for years. This ceremony is called by them "Nisalo." 796

A Story of the Katchata family and "Chili" Ceremony.

Once upon a time there resided at Gilgit a wealthy family of Katchatas. This family lived alone in a separate fort on the site of the fruit orchard in which Mr. Hayward is buried. The family grew so strong that it kept the chief afraid of its power. The Rá, who always used to keep a watchful eye over this clan, was so frightened by their doings that, being unable to fight them openly in the day-time, he thought at last of making a sudden night attack on the sleeping warriors. The proposed attack was so successfully carried out by the Rá that he left none alive in the fort except a pregnant woman, who managed to escape by a small window and took flight up the Kargah Valley, in order to seek a refuge in a secluded village of Darel. There she soon bore a son. None of the family survived to cultivate their lands, which were lying waste. The Rá, however, took this task upon himself, and wheat was sown over the land by his followers. But he was much vexed when he saw the whole crop turned black and become unfit for food, and that his labour was fruitless. For the five successive years the same state of things continued, and the Rá, being weary of cultivating the lands any longer, at last ordered the Danyals to explain the real cause of this misfortune. According to their usual custom the Danyals worked themselves into a state of frenzy by burning the leaves of the *chili*, and then, putting their ears for a short time upon the drums to listen to what these had to say, sung a song to the following effect :— 539 241

"The fertility, prosperity and abundance of Gilgit were due to the happiness and the blessed hands of the Katchata clan, and because they were extremely oppressed and tyrannised over by the Rá, the destruction of the land resulted and will continue until a man of the same family is brought here to plough the lands with his own oxen, and to put in the seed in the Rá's cloak. A few handfuls must be scattered by the Rá himself, while the remainder is sown by the Katchata or his followers in these fields. The other inhabitants must not precede the Katchata in ploughing and cultivating their lands." On this the chief gave orders to the assembly to bring a man of that clan, from any part of the country in which he could be found, and promised that a good reward would be given to the man who succeeded in finding him. A number of the Rá's followers at once started in all directions in the hope of gaining the reward. The man who had set out for Darel and Tangir came to know, to his great delight, that a woman of the family had at the time of the massacre escaped towards Darel, where she had since borne a son. He sought out her dwelling, and promising her safety as well as a good reward, obtained her consent to accompany him to Gilgit. He thus gained the reward, while she was welcomed by all the people. The Rá then assisted in the sowing of the fields according to the advice of the Danyals, and with the returning happiness of

539 241 the Katchata the crops were that year excellent. The boy was afterwards married and is said to have had four sons. Three of them were sent to the Rás of Hunza, Nagar and Yasin, at their request, to reside in their respective States as beings of divine nature, while one remained at Gilgit. From that time it has become a custom that the Rá's lands are ploughed first by the Katchata clan, and that afterwards the other people commence this operation. As soon as the ploughing is finished and the time to sow the seed has arrived, the Rá gives a big feast to the inhabitants, who all assemble at his house and make merry, with the usual dancing, singing and playing upon flutes and drums. Some flour is then rubbed on a Katchata's face, and his long locks are let loose. Moreover, he is made to bellow and go like an ox in front of all the party towards the Rá's fields, where some food is given him by the Rá. This he catches and eats like a beast. Next begins the sowing operation by the Katchata's putting some handfuls of seed in the Rá's skirt, who mixing with it a small amount of gold dust, scatters it with his own hands in one of the fields. The rest of the seed is scattered by the Katchata, and then by all the other people in their fields. On this day, which is called "Chili," the Katchata receives from the Rá a reward of one maund of flour, 5 seers of *ghi*, one turban and one cloak.

The Murder of Wazir Thusho.

173 121 539 There lived a wealthy and influential man named Thusho at Gulapur in the Punyal District, during the time of Badshah, who was the ruler of Yasin. He had made for himself a golden plough, and used to keep many hidden treasures in safe places in the adjacent *nullahs*. These are said to be still buried, but the places are unknown. Badshah, the Mehtar of Yasin, once sent him a *khillat*. When the messengers reached Gulapur, Thusho was ploughing in a field on the side of the Yasin road. The men, who did not know Thusho asked him the whereabouts of the house of Wazir Thusho. He pointed out his own house to them, showing them a round-about way to it, while he himself went there direct by a short cut and arrived before them. In the interval he changed his clothes and then met the messengers, who presented him with the *khillat*. On receiving this, Thusho *salaamed* towards his fort called "Boori Thoki." (Its ruins are still found at Gulapur.) By so doing he meant that his fort was so strong that the Mehtars of Yasin sent him presents. The messengers were soon dismissed by him, and they related this story to their chief on their return to Yasin. The chief was much angered by Thusho's bearing, and advanced against him with a large force. Thusho sent out his younger brother, Khushhal Beg, to check his advance, but he had already reached Gulapur. In the fighting which ensued, Khushhal Beg cut his way through the opposite forces and came face to face with Badshah, who made three cuts with a sword at Khushhal Beg, which the latter dexterously parried with his shield, and cried out that it was now his turn of attack. The Mehtar enquired as to which of them was after all to turn tail, to which Khushhal Beg made reply that Badshah was a king of hawks, Khushhal Beg of fowls only, and that he must at last give away. The fighting was then stopped, and the Mehtar being considered victorious, returned to Yasin. Thusho was very angry that his brother Khushhal Beg had not killed Badshah when such a favourable opportunity offered itself; so he made him a prisoner in the fort of Chatur Khan in Ishkoman. Hearing this news, Badshah again led his forces against

Thusho. The Mehtar captured Hakim Beg, the son of Thusho, at Gakuch and brought him along with great ceremony and treated him very kindly, making him many presents in order to show him his magnanimity. Reaching Gulapur, the Mehtar sent Hakim Beg to his father Thushoo with a message of surrender; but Thusho was still more enraged at such a message from the lips of his own son, whom he blamed for bringing with him an army against his father; and (taking up a matchlock) was ready to commence fighting. Hakim Beg who had seen Badshah's might, however, persuaded him from doing so, and forced him to accept allegiance. Thusho yielded to this, and in the midst of a large crowd of the headmen and his followers, came out of his fort to *salaam* to Badshah. A dance was then held by the Mehtar, and Thusho ordered to show his obedience by dancing. This he did, but instead of *salaaming* to Badshah in the course of the dance, he bowed towards his own fort. The Mehtar was filled with anger and ordered his servants to behead Thusho with his 12 sons at the same spot. They were cruelly murdered and buried all together. Their grave, which is called "Thusho ai Bombat," is about five yards square and nine feet high, having the form of a small vault in which they are buried. The roof has now fallen in owing to a fig-tree having grown out of the vault. Khhushal Beg, the brother of Thusho, was afterwards recalled by Badshah from Chatur Khan and made Wazir of Gulapur.

The advance of Skardu Chiefs against Chitral and the Devastation of the Chemogah Village.

When Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Shah Murad, and Shah Sultan, the princes of Skardu, advanced towards Chitral, they halted on their way for a couple of days at Chemogah, a village about 19 miles east of Gilgit. Here they made merry, played polo, and tried to overawe the people by the horrible noise of about a score of drums. All the inhabitants of the village came to pay their respects, except one wealthy man of Chemogah. Some of his enemies called his absence to notice. He was therefore brought by the Chiefs' men and asked to explain the cause of his delay in paying his respects. He stated that he had gone to his goat-pen, and as he had left the kids and lambs loose to suck milk, he could not, owing to their noise, hear of the arrival of the princes or the sound of their drums. The chiefs turned very angry, and to ascertain the truth of his statement, they deputed some of their servants to go into the man's pen and to listen for the sound of the drums, which would be beaten afterwards. They returned, saying that the noise of his flocks was sufficiently overpowering to overcome the sound of the drums. The chiefs were astonished to hear this; but still they did not relent, and they decided that the lands of Chemogah should be laid waste in order to prevent any of the people becoming rich enough to admit of a similar display of arrogance and disrespect. For this purpose the chiefs gave orders that twelve bags of quicksilver should be thrown into the source of the Chemogah stream, in order that thequick silver, because of its weight, would cause the level of the stream to be depressed and prevent water from being obtained for the irrigation of the land; and so it came about that Chemogah village and fields were laid waste.

Their army is said to have arrived at Gilgit by both the Haramosh and the Astore routes. When both the divisions joined at Hinzil, a village about seven miles north-west of Gilgit, the

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princes thought of counting their men for the purpose of ascertaining their losses, as they were proceeding against a distant and formidable foe, who was likely to inflict a further loss on their numbers. Such a large force was never seen before in the country, and it was not an easy task for the chiefs to have them counted in a day. The simplest way therefore was adopted by the chiefs, *viz.*, to order their men to throw stones together in a heap at one stone per man, and to take out one stone from the same heap on their return, in order that by this means they might be able to deduct the casualties. There is a heap of stones at Hinzil, which, however, is more probably the ruins of a Bhuddist tope.

They conquered the country as far as Chitral, where they are said to have placed a big stone under a large *chinar* tree.

The *dâk* arrangements are said to be so excellent that the chiefs used to eat dinner cooked at Skardu, which reached them warm at a distance of about 400 miles.

The following song is still preserved at Gilgit in memory of these Chiefs :—

"(1) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad trai draro, Khiri nile sine aje Kaltor ganaige.

(2) Ala pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro Khiri nile sine aje Kaltor ganaige.

(3) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Khiri hole sarega lam guti ganaige.

(4) Ala, pote Makpoon ai pote, trai draro Khiri hole sarega lam guti ganaige.

(5) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Hathoo Khān Khur bai Khiri Hosi ga Yur phiraigai.

(6) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, Hathoo Khān Khur bai Khiri Hosi ga Yur phiraigai.

(7) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Chemogar ai cel phote, sang brang tharaigai.

(8) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, Chemogar ai cel phote, sáng brang tharaigai.

(9) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, hune nili Chili ai Khiri devai notaige.

(10) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote trai draro, hune nili Chili ai Khiri devai notaige.

(11) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, hune nile Chili ai Khiri dum dolo bashaigai.

(12) Ala, poti, Makpoon ai pote trai draro, hune nili Chili ai Khiri dum dolo bashaigai.

(13) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Khiri Brook ga Balim photai, Khiri roni ronal tharaigai.

(14) Ala, pote Makpoon ai pote trai draro, Khiri Brook ga Balim photai, Khiri roni ronal tharaigai.

(15) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Khiri Brook ga Balim phota Khiri chai ghinigai.

(16) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, Khiri Brook ga Balim photai Khiri chai ghinigai.

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(17) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Chtrachtral aje *bat bai*, Khiri oordome thap tharaigai.

(18) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, chtrachtral aje *bat bai*, Khiri oordome thap tharaigai.

(19) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Shah Katur nayáta, mute chhal bagaigai.

(20) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, Shah Katur nayata, mute chhal bagaigai.

(21) Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, Gilit brangsa ganen, Yasin ar bola degai.

(22) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, Gilit brangsa ganen, Yasin ar bola degai.

(23 Ala, Sher Shah, Ali Shah, Murad, trai draro, chimar ai chhai photai, dare bat othaigai.

(24) Ala, pote, Makpoon ai pote, trai draro, chimar ai chhai photai, dare bat othaigai."

TRANSLATION.

(1) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have made a bridge over the blue river below.

(2) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have made a bridge over the blue river below.

(3) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have pitched their shining tents beside the rippling pond below.

(4) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have pitched their shining tents beside the rippling pond below.

(5) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have made a *kul* (watercourse) below Hathu mountain (between Ramghat and Doyan) and have worked a water-mill with it at Hosi (a place near Ramghat).

(6) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon three brothers, have made a *kul* below Hathu mountain (between Ramghat and Doyan) and have worked a water-mill with it at Hosi (a place near Ramghat).

(7) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have broken the *nullah* of Chemogar (Chemogah) and have made the land barren.

(8) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have broken the *nullah* of Chemogar (Chemogah) and have made the land barren.

(9) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have held a dance of giants beneath that high, green *chili* tree.

(10) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have held a dance of giants beneath that high green *chili* tree.

(11) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, are having their drums beaten beneath that high, green *chili* tree.

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(12) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, are having their drums beaten beneath that high, green *chili* tree.

(13) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ail Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have conquered Brook and Balim, and the women of the places are weeping.

(14) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have conquered Brook and Balim, and the women of the places are weeping.

(15) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have seized Brook and Balim and have brought here a number of the girls of these places.

(16) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have seized Brook and Balim and have brought here a number of the girls of those places.

(17) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have placed a stone in Chitral and have upset the land.

(18) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have placed a stone in Chitral and have upset the land.

(19) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have defamed the name of Shah Katur (ruler of Chitral) and have distributed many goats.

(20) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have defamed the name of Shah Katur (ruler of Chitral) and have distributed many goats.

(21) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have halted at Gilgit, and played polo at Yasin.

(22) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have halted at Gilgit, and played polo at Yasin.

(23) O (countrymen), Sher Shah, Ali Shah, and Murad, three brothers, have broken the iron lock and left the doors open.

(24) O (countrymen), the sons, the sons of Makpoon, three brothers, have broken the iron lock and left the doors opened.

Trakhan's being Thrown into the River.

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Tra-Trakhan, an ancient Rá of Gilgit, is said to have married a woman of a wealthy family of Darel. The Rá was very fond of playing polo and used to go to Darel weekly for the purpose of playing his favourite game with the seven brothers of his wife. One game was played on the condition that whichever party lost the game should be murdered. After a long and skilful game the Rá was winner, and according to the conditions of the agreement he executed all his brothers-in-law. The Soni (queen), who was much disturbed on hearing the sad news of her brothers' death, determined to revenge them and mixed arsenic in her husband's food. So he died, and she took the reins of government into her own hands. After a lapse of a month she gave birth to a son who was named Trakhan; but, his mother, who was deeply grieved on account of her brothers' fate, did not like to see the son of a murderer, and cruelly locked him up in a wooden box, which she secretly threw into the river. The box is said to have been carried away by the current as far as Hodar, a village in the Chilas District, where it was seen by two brothers of poor means, who were collecting wood on the river bank. Noticing that

3: Muhammad G-3 (ca. 1900) 1907 AV3 Dard AV3

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the box was floating quite close to the bank, and thinking that it might contain some treasure, one of them jumped into the river and brought it ashore. Thinking it better to open the box in their house, they concealed it in a bundle of wood and carried it home. There they opened it; but to their and their mother's great surprise, a lovely infant was found in it still alive. Their mother brought up this outcast child with every care. The family was in straitened circumstances, but after the arrival of the child they grew richer and richer, and they considered his arrival the cause of their prosperity. When the infant was six years of age he began to talk freely with his foster mother, who now related to him the story of his appearance among them, and their becoming more prosperous since his arrival. When Trakhan reached his twelfth year he wished to see the Gilgit district, of which he had heard a great deal, specially in respect of its fertility. So he set out for the place accompanied by his foster brothers. He stayed for a few days on Harali, a hill to the north of Gilgit which has a flat stretch of land called "Baldas" on its top. This was cultivated in those days, as the water-supply (which has now dried up) was sufficient, and there existed a small village on the spot.

The mother of Trakhan was still the ruler of Gilgit, but had then fallen dangerously ill. The people were therefore in search of another competent Rá from any of the neighbouring districts, as there was no one left of the ruling family of Gilgit. One early morning when the village cocks began to crow, the birds, instead of the usual noise of *Kukroonkoon*, uttered the following words, to the great astonishment and delight of the people, "*Beldas tham bayi*" (there is a king at Baldas). Men were at once sent thence to bring down any stranger they happened to find. The three brothers were seen by them and captured and forcibly carried before the queen. Trakhan was handsome and stately in appearance, and the queen therefore addressed him, and asked him to relate the reason of his undertaking this journey, and inquired of his country and his birth. He related all his history at full length, and she found, to her extreme surprise and joy, that the boy then speaking was her own son, whom she had so mercilessly thrown into the river, when her mind was disturbed by the murder of her brothers. She then embraced Trakhan and proclaimed him the rightful ruler and heir to the chiefship of Gilgit.

Trakhan and a Crow.

On a certain day, it is said, Trakhan, the strongest and the proudest Rá of Gilgit, was sitting on the banks of a water-channel in the midst of an assembly of his followers. There he told them that there was no one in the world equal to him in bravery and strength. While he was thus boasting, a crow happened to pass over his head and soiled him. He turned very angry at the impudent action of the crow, and ordered his followers to catch it at once by any means possible. The bird having been pursued by so many men, flew away towards the village of Manawar, and from thence towards Danyore across the Gilgit river; but seeing that the gathering did not quit its pursuit, it escaped towards the Danyore Nullah. There a woman was washing the flesh of a markhor. The pursuers took from her a piece or two of the flesh, and by the help of this meat they succeeded in seizing the poor bird. It was brought before their Rá, who indignantly asked the bird to explain the cause of its conduct towards a king of Gilgit.

539 173 The crow, it is said, replied saying, "The boast made by you on a spot I know well to be the grave of a nan far more powerful than you, did not please me. A ring of the same warrior is also buried at this spot, and it will show you how strong he was in comparison with you." Trakhan gave orders to dig up the ground; these were at once obeyed, and a finger ring was found in the grave so wide that Trakhan could pass it over his body. A delicate feast of meat was then prepared for the crow, and afterwards the bird was set free.

Su Malik's Bravery and a "Tallufar."[1]

Su Malik, an ancient Rá of Gilgit, is said to have presented a dog as a dowry to his sister, who was married to Farmaish, a ruler of Yasin. When Taj Mughal, the chief of Badakhshan, arrived at Darkot for the purpose of attacking Gilgit, the Rá of which place had refused allegiance to Badakshan and stopped sending the tribute of Chogas, Farmaish wrote a letter to Su Malik, and enclosing it in the collar of the dog, ordered it to start at once for Gilgit. The dog arrived here within five hours, travelling by night. Su Malik got the letter and started on the same day with a strong force to check the enemy's advance, and to assist Farmaish against the Mongols invading Yasin. Both the forces reached Yasin on the same day and encamped on the opposite sides of the river bank. The Mongols, who had come by short and slow marches, sent a message to Su Malik to commence the fighting; but the Gilgit men were too weary to fight owing to their previous haste, and so Su Malik sent a reply requesting them to postpone the combat until the next day. However, he asked the Mongols that if there were any strong athletic men in their army, they should show him their skill. Taj Mughal ordered one of his champions to show his prowess to Su Malik. The man caught hold of a large goat and threw her across the river, with such strength that the goat fell in the Sarginis (Gilgitis) camp near Su Malik. On this Su Malik, who was very strong, and had reached his full muscular development, took up a large and heavy log of wood and threw it in turn towards the Mongols with such force that, though the log was much heavier than the goat, it fell into the Mongol camp across the river. Seeing this prowess on the part of Su Malik, the Mongols lost their courage, and giving up the idea of any further fighting, they retreated on the same night. By dawn Su Malik, seeing no enemies in their camp, pursued them rapidly and caught them at Darkot, where Su Malik, having tumbled from his pony, fell into his enemies' hands and was carried by them as a prisoner to Badakhshan, without its being known to them that he was the Rá of Gilgit. There he was given the work of bringing wood for the Mir's kitchen. On a certain day when he was collecting wood he saw the head of a dead animal and began to weep over it. His companions asked him to explain the reason of his grief, but he made reply to none until the Mir of Badakhshan heard the news and sent for him to know the reason of his weeping. He related to the Mir that his grief was only because the head was that of an excellent *tullufar* horse. Taj Mughal, seeing that the man had a good knowledge of animals, appointed him as a caretaker of his stable, and asked him to see if there was any *tullufar* animal in the stable. Su Malik saw all the animals and came to the Mir to say that a mare was in foal with a *tullufar*, and that the young animal should be

[1] The *tullufar* is said to be the offspring of a mule and a mare. It is said to be very swift and strong.

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taken out by opening the belly of the mare, as otherwise she would die in a few days and the colt would be lost as well as the mother. The Mir gave him permission to cut the mare's belly. Thus obtaining the Mir's consent, he performed the operation and secured a magnificent foal. On this success he received a handsome reward and a *khillat* from the Mir. When the foal grew up Su Malik used to take it about with him. The animal is said to have turned out so swift and strong a steed that Su Malik brought him back from a round of 100 miles in four hours. Su Malik then requested Taj Mughal that, as the animal had grown fit for riding, he should hold a Durbar to perform the ceremony of riding the new steed. A day was fixed for the Durbar, and invitations were sent by the Mir to all the officials and headmen of the district. On the appointed day the magnificent Tullufar was brought by Su Malik to the crowded ground caparisoned with gold. When everything was ready, Su Malik begged the Mir to give him permission to show the spectators the animal's swiftness and merits. It was given, and Su Malik who was attired neatly, addressed the Mir in the following way :—

"I, who was brought by your men as a captive from Gilgit, am Su Malik, the Rá of that country, and now I am going back to my native land on this *tullufar* pony of yours. If it is in your power to arrest me now, pray try your utmost! Adieu!"

As soon as he had uttered the above words, he spurred the pony, and galloped away at full speed from the assembly. A number of riders on good ponies were sent after him by the Mir to arrest him wherever they could find him, but in vain, as no one could catch him except one rider on a certain good mare. This man caught up Su Malik in Gujhal[1] territory. On seeing him Su Malik stopped to await his arrival, and to satisfy his curiosity by seeing the excellent mare which had been able to compete with the *tullufar*. As soon as the man approached Su Malik, the latter informed him that one man like him was useless in attempting to arrest Su Malik, that he would lose his own life, and that it was better for him to return with the happy news that his mare was in foal with a *tullufar* colt. The rider was very pleased to hear this of his mare, and returned to Badakhshan to tell to the Mir that he had come back unsuccessful. From Gujhal Su Malik came to Yasin *viâ* the Darkot pass, and found that his sister was badly treated by her husband Farmaish, who had no fear of Su Malik, thinking that he would never return to his country. He was therefore severely punished by Su Malik. Now Su Malik is said to have been given a piece of advice by an old man of Yasin who was well aware of his sudden fits of rage. These he soon learnt to overcome by following the advice, which was not to punish with the weapons at hand, but to start out and search for others at a distance. When Su Malik reached Gilgit, he saw a stranger sitting in his house by the side of his wife, and became so angry that he felt impelled to kill both his wife and the man by means of a big stone which was lying quite close to him. But he remembered the advice of the old Yasini and went out to search for another weapon. In the meantime he came to know that the man whom he had thought to be a stranger was his own son Khisrau Khan, whom he now embraced. In gratitude he sent a good reward to his old Yasini adviser.

[1] Wakhan was formerly called Gujhal, and its people Gujhai. As some Gujhais have come and settled in the upper part of Hunza, that country is now called Gujhal.

~~Bibl~~ Biddulph G-3 (1873-1878) 1880 ~~AUI Afghanistan AUI~~
4 AV3 Dard AV3
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present a few striking images which want connection, and which are often repeated with wearisome iteration. The Khowar songs are mostly of an amatory nature, seldom treating of warlike subjects, and give evidence of a more cultivated taste than those in Shina, while the musical nature of the language and the better rhythm of the verse entitle them to the first place in Dard poetry. Generally two performers stand a little distance apart and sing in strophe and antistrophe to each other: a chorus stand by who do not repeat the words, but give emphasis to the periods by a loud *Ah Ha* and by stamping.

D 533 B 533

The following examples will give a good idea of the different styles:—

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SHINA.

B 539

I.

Loh wâto, Soori Gowrithum, loh wâto,
Bùtigá birdi loh wâto, dùnya sung tarêgo.
Loh wâto, sâjo Malika, loh wâto,
Bùtigá birdi loh wâto, dùnyá sung tarêgo.
Nê loh wâto, Soori Habbi Khan, loh wâto,
Bùtigá birdi loh wâto, dùnyá sung tarêgo.
Tai zùzi sigá bùdik té allah in Sargin goomêchorê
Loh wâto, sâjo Malika, loh wâto.
Tai zùzi sigá bùdik té allah in Sargin goomêchorê.

Translation.

Dawn has come, Soori Gowrithum, dawn has come.
To the whole earth dawn has come, the world is lighted up.
Dawn has come, grandson of Malika, dawn has come.
To the whole earth dawn has come, the world is lighted up.
Again dawn has come, Soori Habbi Khan, dawn has come.
To the whole earth dawn has come, the world is lighted up.
Thy mother, too, in her wisdom cherished us in Sargin.
Dawn has come, grandson of Malika, dawn has come.
Thy mother, too, in her wisdom cherished us in Sargin.

II.

The forest serpent, Soori Mahommed Khan.
The forest serpent rouses himself.
Beyond Sharot he will brandish his sabre.
The forest serpent of the race of Malika.
The forest serpent rouses himself.
Beyond Sharot he will brandish his sabre.

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KHOWAR.

I.

Hazâra Beg ispah petch,
Chitrâreté bissé ketch,
Chitrâroh Mihter ispah ghetch,
Khooshâné korùm jânooṇ.

Má Mihter yoh nisai,
Pinjâreshoh muss nisai,
Muss nisioh doko prai.
Khooshâné korùm jânooṇ.

Eh! Gohr Khùdaiyâr,
Shah Mohturrum jânooyâr,
Mâ Mihteroh bol Khatâr,
Mastoochoh koyun shotâr.
Khooshâné korùm jânooṇ.

Kai Khowas Khan Doorâni,
Tùl nisoh ai gunné,
Kohi Taoosum maidâni.
Khooshâni korùm jânooṇ.

Maiyá Mihter chaiyak hoyi,
Jân tanâri joodá hoyi,
Nissá Mihter tuzzá hoyi,
Khùdai mutté rezá hoyi.
Khooshâné korùm jânooṇ.

Yeri Mihter purri prai,
Purri Gohr jâni prai,
Khùdai Mihteroté prai.
Khooshâné korùm jânooṇ.

TRANSLATION.

Huzara Beg is our heart's friend.
We will go with your family to Chitral.
The prince of Chitral is our eye.
Oh my life we will make him happy.

My prince came out,
The full moon shone out.
The moon shone out and set again.
Oh my life we will make him happy.

Oh Gohr Good-bye to you,
My life's friend Shah Mohturrum (comes),
My prince's army is terrible,
He will subdue Mastooch.
Oh my life we will make him happy.

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Kai Khowas Khan (brave as) a Doorani,
With a broad spear in his hand,
Will ride on the Taoos maidan.
Oh my life we will make him happy.

My prince became ill,
Life nearly left my body,
Again my prince became well,
God filled me with joy.
Oh my life we will make him happy.

My prince crossed over (the river),
Gohr on the other side was ready to die,
God gave victory to my prince,
Oh my life we will make him happy.

The above refers to an incident in the life of Badshah, son of Suleiman Shah, Khushwaktia.

II.

Bulbul komistai jung joyer ogoté,
Jirêko no bom drùng bom jung goloté,
Heh má jân, jâné tutté guroom.

Bulbul komistai tungázá chágoté,
Awá tá treshtoo anzowá dágoté,
Heh má jân, jâné tutté guroom.

Bulbul shariki tá jâná koh kyah sher,
Má jân tutté mâloom funná láki sher,
Heh má jân, jâné tutte guroom.

Awá brîyoomun tutté hyah paichâni,
Idi ai koré bilaur ghetchâni,
Heh má jân, jâné tutté guroom.

Buttun má buttun sirgushtá kussi maiṇ,
Koh kyah jum ánùs tum mokoh pushimaiṇ,
Heh má jân, jâné tutté guroom.

Daiyùs gerduni chirgùlah buss boyê,
Goyá ki chirosori muggus doyê,
Heh má jân, jâné tutté guroom.

TRANSLATION.

A bulbul has alighted to drink at the fountain,
I cannot restrain myself from clasping her neck.
Oh my life, I will give my life for you!

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4 AV3 Dard AV3

539 *A bulbul has alighted on the turf for shade,*
I am ready to be cooked like an onion for you.
Oh my life, I will give my life for you!

Oh bulbul, oh mynah, what is in your heart?
You know my life is placed in my hand for you,
Oh my life, I will give my life for you!

Let it not be concealed, I am dying for love of you,
Give me one glance with your crystal eye,
Oh my life, I will give my life for you!

Forgetting my country I am distracted and wander,
On what joyful day shall I see your face?
Oh my life, I will give my life for you!

Your cuckoldy husband touching your milk-white neck
Is like a fly defiling cream.
Oh my life, I will give my life for you!

III.

I roam on the mountains as if I trod on hot ashes,
The sword of love has stricken me; I made of myself a shield of two bones.
Oh Yoormun Hamin!

Oh Fairy I swear by God after seeing you there is no light,
Night and day are alike dark to me, no dawn comes to me.
Oh Yoormun Hamin!

The curls of my bulbul are like rosebuds and maiden hair fern,
Come sit by me and sing like a mynah or a bulbul.
Oh Yoormun Hamin!

Still I look at you; you turn away and look elsewhere,
My life is yours, why do you look at my enemies?
Oh Yoormun Hamin!

Your long ringlets and your well-curled hair are like bedmushk,
You bind up your locks to slay this lad.
Oh Yoormun Hamin!

I sigh day and night for the bulbul,
I kiss your pearly ringlets in my dreams.
Oh Yoormun Hamin!

533 This is a very favourite song in Upper Chitral, where the grave of Yoormun Hamin is still to be seen. A romantic story is attached to her memory.

The above songs must not be studied as examples of the language: they contain many inflexions which are not found in the colloquial. Dr. Leitner has collected a large number of Shina songs.

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4 AV3 Dard AV3

then took some of the leaves, and pouring wine and water on them placed them on the fire, and the rest were sprinkled with flour and suspended from the ceiling. She then sprinkled flour on her husband's head and shoulders, and addressed him thus:—"Ai Shiri Bagerthum, son of the fairies, you have come from far!" *Shiri Bagerthum*, "the dreadful king," being the form of address to the cedar when praying for wants to be fulfilled. The next day the wife baked a number of cakes, and, taking them with her, drove the family goats to the Chili stone. When they were collected round the stone, she began to pelt them with pebbles, invoking the Chili at the same time. According to the direction in which the goats ran off, omens were drawn as to the number and sex of the kids expected during the ensuing year. Walnuts and pomegranates were then placed on the Chili stone, the cakes were distributed and eaten, and the goats followed to pasture in whatever direction they showed a disposition to go. For five days afterwards this song was sung in all the houses:— 782

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Dread Fairy King, I sacrifice before you,
How nobly do you stand! you have filled up my house,
You have brought me a wife when I had not one,
Instead of daughters you have given me sons.
You have shown me the ways of right,
You have given me many children,
You have made me like the mountain,
I have brought the family of the mountain tops,
I have gone to Sargin Gilit,
That I might see the people.
You slay many wild goats,
You with the gun on your shoulder,
Oh you with the sword in your hand!
Oh you riding upon a horse!
Oh you clothed in a fine robe!
Dread king, I will slay you a ram.
Oh you that have come from the mountain,
I will rub your feet with butter.
Oh you that have come from below,
I will anoint you with oil.
I have been to the wide plain,
They have slain you a fine he-goat,
A ram has been slain, I have honoured you to-day,
To-morrow you will depart.
Go, dread Fairy King, I salute you,
You have given me prosperity,
How shall I let you depart!

The Chili stone is still to be seen at the entrance of every Shin village. [778]

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changed yearly in accordance with instructions from their spiritual head.

The following is a favourite poem recited in praise of the Imam-i-zeman :—

HELP! OH ALI.

Oh amulet of life, thou glory, Sahib-i-zeman,
Speak thy praise incessantly,
Sahib-i-zeman.

Sultan of both worlds from east to west,
All kings are beggars compared to you,
Sahib-i-zeman.

The sun of heaven shines by your beauty,
Sun and moon by your light,
Sahib-i-zeman.

When shall peace be from evil and strife of Dejjal,
Except it be your pleasure,
Sahib-i-zeman.

I hope that my heart may be lighted up
One day under the dust of your feet,
Sahib-i-zeman.

There will be a day with my last breath,
I shall speak your praises,
Sahib-i-zeman.

It is time that the sound of your trumpet
Be heard through the world,
Sahib-i-zeman.

From Kaf to Kaf take the whole world
In your world-conquering hand,
Sahib-i-zeman.

The time is come for the faithful to gird
Their loins and follow you,
Sahib-i-zeman.

Jesus will come down from the fourth heaven
To imitate you,
Sahib-i-zeman.

Nobody will worship or pay respect to God
Without worshipping also you,
Sahib-i-zeman.

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4 AV3 Dard AV3
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Others go their own way
But I am faithful to you,
Sahib-i-zeman.

I, Suleem, the distracted in mind,
Have seized the skirts of your bounty,
Sahib-i-zeman.

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795
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Wine is drunk by the Maulais without concealment, and they do not strictly abstain from eating the flesh of animals not killed in the orthodox manner. Being absolved from the constraints of prayer and fasting, the practical religion of the uneducated consists of little more than obeying the commands of their Caliphas and Pirs, and making offerings freely through them to their spiritual chief. They are by no means intolerant, and, where permitted, live on good terms with Soonnees and Shiahs, with whom they intermarry without restraint. The only cases I have known of ill-feeling between the sects have been caused in the first instance by Soonnees from other places. From Shiahs they seldom meet with hostility, owing probably to the respect they show to Ali; though they do not celebrate the martyrdom of Hassan and Hoossain.

D
Bo
[798]

D
795
764
Bo
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764

On the death of a Maulai the choicest articles of his portable property are set aside for the Imam-i-zeman. No food is cooked in the house, for from three to eight days, according to the rank of the deceased, and the family subsist on food cooked elsewhere. Food is also placed on trees and exposed places for birds to eat. On the evening of the appointed day a Calipha comes to the house, and food is cooked and offered to him. He eats a mouthful and places a piece of bread in the mouth of the dead man's heir, after which the rest of the family partake. The lamp is then lighted (from which the ceremony is called "Chiragh roshan"), and a six-stringed guitar called "gherba" being produced, singing is kept up for the whole night.

D
Bo
795

I have sometimes shown the portrait of Agha Khan in Yule's Marco Palo to Maulais. They pass their fingers lightly over it and then touch their eyes and lips.

Bi
795
173

The Noor Buksh sect, which has been before referred to, is peculiar to Baltistan, where it numbers over twenty thousands followers, most of whom are to be found in Shigar and Khapolor. It is apparently an attempt to form a *vid media* between Shiah and Soonnee doctrines. Mahommedanism is said to have been first introduced into Baltistan according to Soonnee tenets by Syud Ali Hamadani. Later, a certain

7: Francke M-5 (no date) 1904 AJ4 West Tibetans AJ4
Dard AV3

366 A. H. Francke—*A language map of West Tibet with notes.* [No. 4,

T D 174 797 782 539

The following is my attempt at a restoration of the text according to the Dard-dialect of Da:

Dargyassi de tija namo hla zhuni
Shuni bhi tija namo hla zhuni
Sinani bhi tija namo hla zhuni

Translation:

Give abundance! Honour to thee, oh god Zhuni!
Crops also! Honour to thee, oh god Zhuni!
A son also! Honour to thee, oh god Zhuni!

T D 539

Notes on the Dard text:

Dar-rgyas is a Tibetan synonym compositum meaning about 'abundance;' *di* was probably in course of time contracted from *de*, give, and *ti*, thee; *tisha* or *tija* means 'to thee,' *sha* and *ja* are frequently used terminations of the dative case; *nomo* instead of *namo* is a case of assimilation of the vowel of the first syllable to that of the second syllable; *namo* as well as *nomo* often occur in the sense of 'glory, honour' in the Bono-na-songs, Ladakhi Songs, No. XXXI ff; *hla* is the Tibetan *lha*, a Pre-Buddhist god; *Zhuni* is the proper name of the house god. *Shuni* means 'harvest'; *bi* is supposed to be the same as Urdu *bhi*, meaning 'also.' Also in the second and third lines the *ti* of *tisha* was lost in the preceding word. The *si* in *sinani* is the emphatic syllable of Tibetan.

T D 174 527 796

(4) *Dard customs.*—To the present day the Māmani-festival is considered as a Dard custom. It is held 1½ months after the 21st of December. In Khalatse it is celebrated in this way:—Cooked heads of goats and sheep, and omelettes called *ten ten*, are brought before an ancient row of *mchod rten* (mchod rtengyi sgang) which goes back to Dard times, and a feast is given to everybody who will partake in it. Strangers are welcome.

T D 174 533

Also the Ladakhi music and art of dancing is so entirely different from Tibetan music and dancing that non-Tibetan influences must be suspected here. In Ladakhi music, besides the Chinese scale,—classical scales are in frequent use. Of classical scales I have discovered the following in my collection of Ladakhi tunes: Ionian, Aeolian, Lydian, Mixo-Lydian. It is easier to believe that these scales came here through a Dard channel than from Tibet. Although the metre of the Tibetan Ladakhi songs is almost invariably trochaic, the metre of the Ladakhi tunes is iambic.

T D 174

I have tried to prove the Dard origin of one single West Tibetan village only. It would probably be easy to accumulate similar reasons

St Gervis T-3 (no date) 1954 AVI Kashmir [illegible]
Dard AVJ

One story so told will never be lost to the people; there is little doubt that it is authentic history and concerns Trakhan, one of the most famous of all the Ras of Gilgit. Here it is. 539 ● 526

Many years ago there was a dashing young Ra of Gilgit who married the only daughter of a good family of Darel. They lived happily together, and as Queen Soni she was very much loved by the people, being beautiful and kind, She bore the Ra one daughter. The Ra was admired by all; as was to be expected of him he was the superior of all his subjects in horsemanship and "the manly sports"; his physique surpassed that of all his men. His one great passion was polo, and during each of the months of the year when the pass was open, he used to take a team of Gilgit men over to Darel to play against a team which consisted of the seven brothers of his Queen. The play was always fairly even, each winning side receiving from the losers some prize; at first it was a few goats, then fine clothes, next the horses they had ridden, and gradually, as the years passed, the games became keener with jewels, land and slaves as the stakes, until finally the two teams staked their own lives, the losers to forfeit them to the wish of the winners.

One can imagine the polo played on that fateful day. The finest polo ponies were brought out, each side determined to win—being Gilgit men the thought of what would happen were they to lose, never entered their heads. The play ran even, five all, six all, seven all, then the men of Darel scored the eighth goal, they had but one more to win the game. The shouts of those who crowded and crushed round the ground ceased, as did the blaring of the bands at this dramatic hour; there came only the sound of thundering hoofs, of the crack of the polo sticks striking the hard mulberrywood ball, the yell of a player as he shouted to another of his side. Then the Ra of Gilgit struck the ball, it hit the stone wall and bounced, he caught it in his hand, and as polo is played there, tore away with it through the goal. The game was now eight all, and the Ra was to take the "toiki" —a more or less free shot, he, by the rules of the game, riding half way down the field, throwing the ball in the air, and striking it as it fell. The Ra's own band started to play crazily with excitement, his few supporters cheered until their throats closed dry. With the Darel players on either side of him, he threw the ball, struck it, and as it flew towards the goal, with

St Gervais T-3 (no date) 1864 AVI Kashmir
Dard AV3

539 cruel spurs and whip, all sped after it. It fell short of the goal, but
526 the Ra's mount was famous throughout the land, he was there first, the ball was through the goal, then as with their last gasp they tried to pick up the ball and so make bad the goal, he was again there first, and the fatal ninth goal was scored against the men of Darel.

539 Of such are the men of those parts, that the Ra in the flush of victory immediately demanded the penalty from the losers; it was his right, none could deny that. But he could not take as slaves to his castle the brothers of his Queen, he could not sell into bondage men of such quality and breeding, and so, with no consideration for the superb game that they had given him on that and many previous occasions, with no thought to his robbing himself of further games, he had all seven of the Queen's brothers beheaded on the polo field. Terrible though it was, the men of Darel who had come to watch, and outnumbered by hundreds those few men of Gilgit, considering it fair, allowed the team from Gilgit, together with its supporters to return untouched, whilst they buried their dead.

A messenger with fleet feet raced ahead with the news so that when the champions arrived home they were received with songs of victory, dancing and feasting. Only one among those that waited did not rejoice, that was Queen Soni; she had dearly loved her brothers who had adored her always. In that night of Gilgit's rejoicing her love for the Ra turned to bitter hate; then the blood of the hills rose in her and she became determined to avenge them. It was easy for a woman to put an end to her man, and the next day the green vegetables in the Ra's evening meal contained some poisonous herb, so that with the dawn he did not awaken. Her only regret was that she had not dared feed him a poison which would have caused his last hours to be a writhing agony, but had she done so, he might have guessed that it was she who was responsible, and in his death throes have ordered her an execution the same as her brothers had suffered, or even one like that of all the old and useless people of Gilgit in those days, they being carried in a basket to the top of a hill and cast over the precipice.

Even then her hatred, which had overcome grief was not complete; it remained within her, and when her son was born

Jk Gurvin T-3 (no date) 1954 AVI Kashmir
Dard Ars

about a month later, she saw in him a part of the Ra, whom she could now only think of as the murderer of her brothers. So soon as she was able to do so, she took the baby, pushed him into a box and cast him on the waters of the river. Through rushing gorges over rapids, round swirling pools the box went down the Gilgit river and on into the river Indus, until it came to rest on a sandbank close to Hodar. A poor peasant villager happened to come across it as he was gathering driftwood; his wife took pity on the tiny babe and brought it up with her own son of the same age. They gave the foundling the name of Trakhan. He brought them good fortune and from that time their flocks of goats increased, their little crops of grain became heavier, the amount of ghee they were able to make increased; they became wealthy farmers according to the standards of that part. 539

Then when he was about sixteen years of age Trakhan's foster-parents told him how he had come into their family. He dwelt on what he had heard, became determined to find the country from which he must have come, and together with his "brother" set off for Gilgit.

In that town Queen Soni then ruled alone, but although she was still not old, she was frail, always ailing, and the men of Gilgit knew that they must really have a Ra to rule over them.

The two boys reached a place called Baldar; here they found a spring, and could look down upon the valley of Gilgit. On the morning following their arrival there a strange thing happened in Gilgit, the cocks began to crow louder and more vigorously than ever before, and those who listened swore that they heard each of them cry, "Baldasar thum bel!"—"A King may be found in Baldar!" Everyone awakened at this, men rushed to tell the Queen, what was happening, others went in search of the king in Baldar, but later returned to tell the Queen that they had only found two youths who declared that they intended to settle there, the one saying, "Here I shall build my house, and here my cattle pens. There I shall cultivate the land and feed it with water from the spring"; whilst the other, who spoke like a lord said, "Here I shall have built my fort; here shall be stables made for my horses, and there a polo ground which will be better than that to be found even in Gilgit"

2z Gervis T-3 (no date) 1964 AV1 Kashmir
Dard Av3

539 And the Queen ordered that the youths be brought to her. She was at once smitten by the likeness of the now handsome Trakhan to the Ra she had poisoned. She asked the youth from whence he had come, who his parents might be, and he told her all he knew. Then she was certain that he must be her son. The years had softened her; she was sad and lonely at times, for her daughter had married and left her castle, and she told him the rest of his story, pronouncing him to the men of Gilgit as their rightful Ra and seating him on the "Nilo But"—the coronation stone of the Ras of Gilgit. He was later to become the most famous of all the Ras of Gilgit, his rule was wise and strong, he extended the frontiers of his country, "he increased them to beyond Hunza and Nagar, right to the confines of Cathay." His nephews Girkis and Mughlot—the sons of his sister—he made the first rulers of Hunza and Nagar, their descendants being the Mirs there today. His memory will ever remain with the people of Gilgit, for there are so many songs of his great deeds and his wisdom now held up before the youths of those hard mountain parts as an example of what they, who also are born of that land, can achieve.

538 The men will sit for hours telling such stories as this to the young men and boys, stories of blood, honour, swords and wars, whilst the women's stories, though not as bloodthirsty, are also those which rekindle a determination in the girls that the land, the gold and the women of Gilgit shall never be taken, whatever the sacrifice demanded or the price paid to hold them.

543 The people of Gilgit are Mohammedans of both the Shia and the Sunni sects; the people of Nagar are of the Shia sect only, those of Hunza of the Ali-Ilahi sect—that is, believing that Ali is God; the others are Mulahis.

172 Yet there are signs that the Buddhist faith at one time also reached as far as this, for Knight tells of walking to the entrance of the Kargha nullah, through which there is a track leading on to Yaghistan, and of a carving of the Lord Buddha to be seen on the face of a great rock.

721 The chiefs of Gilgit "living in their mountain fastness", were in the days gone by, "notorious for their raids into the countries of their neighbours, which they made with impunity".

[See category 539, pp. 225-227 -- Ashish]

D 105 Marriages are arranged for auspicious days and hours which are ascertained on each occasion from the village priest.

B 105 *Temporary unions* are allowed by Shias only.

Free access is not allowed before marriage generally.

No caste prohibits remarriages of widows. Moral laxity prevails to a certain extent.

8. *Death.*—The head of the dead points North but the face is turned to the West towards Mecca, the religious centre of Muslims. When a death occurs food is not cooked in that house for three days and cooked food is sent by relatives for that period. On the third, seventh and fortieth day alms are given to avert calamities, also on the first anniversary after the death.

Indigenous drugs are used for medicines and almost every one knows the medicinal properties of certain local plants and use them when required.

9. *Amusements.*—Swimming, polo playing, racing, wrestling, tug of war, archery, dancing, singing, etc., are some of the amusements indulged in; women do not participate in the sport undertaken by men. They hold their own separate congregation on occasions of rejoicings such as Id and indulge in singing and dancing away from the eyes of the men.

Festival occasions.—Id-ul-Fittar, Id Haj, Id Ghadir and Nauroz are the chief occasions on which rejoicings are made by dancing, singing, polo playing, running and wrestling etc. Dancing is held in a circle to the beat of drum.

D 585 539 10. Before a number of the village people after sunset on the night before the marriage the following song is sung at the bridegroom's house in the following manners:—

B 585 539 A large iron pan is placed in the middle of the assembly and a man of the Katchate or Babuse family rushes forth with some ghee, atta, and seeds of wild rue or leaves of chili, and, putting these things into the pan burns a little fire under it till the contents begin to smoke. To fumigate all the air in the room he holds the pan by its brim and lifting his hands above his head, commences to dance to the accompaniment of the band, while the people applaud and sing a song of which the following is a translation:—

(1) The pan belongs to Bair Gul.

I will never let any one place this pan on the hearth.

I will place it there myself.

(2) The pan belongs to Malik, the Chief of Gilgit.

I will never let any other place this pan on the hearth.

I will place it there myself.

(3) The pan is worthy of belonging to kings, etc.

(4) The pan is worth being kept by a family, etc.

(5) The pan belongs to Shah Mir, the Chief of Kashmir, etc.

(6) The pan belongs to Maqpun, the Chief of Skardu, etc.

(7) The pan belongs to Mughlot, the Chief of Nagar, etc.

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(8) The pan belongs to Khana, the Raja of Yasin, etc.

(9) The pan belongs to righteous Girkis (the ruler of Hunza).

(10) The pan belongs to Maryo the son of Machat (a celebrated person of the Rono family).

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(11) The pan is placed on Neelo But etc. At the same time the women who are in an inner room recite the following song :—

Translation.

(1) A large coral grain belongs to Bair Gul.

I will never let another string this on a thread.

I will string it myself.

(2) A large coral grain belongs to Malik, the Chief of Gilgit.

I will never let another string this.

I will string it myself.

After the marriage cermony the following song is sung at the house of the bride :—

Translation.

(1) Come out, O beloved of your mother, why are you delaying?

(2) Come out, O water sprite, why are you delaying?

(3) Come, O possessers of golden locks, why are you delaying?

(4) Come out, O mistress of charming eyes, why are you delaying?

(5) Come out, O owner of pearly teeth, why are you delaying?

On this she is brought out. She weeps bitterly at the separation from her relatives, and the assembly sings the following song :—

Translation.

(1) Do not weep, O flower-like girl, thy complexion will turn pale.

(2) Thou wilt go on a lofty hill, O girl, thy complexion will turn pale.

(3) Thou wilt (by weeping) burn your heat, thy complexion will turn pale.

Typical birth song ... Nil

Typical death song ... Nil

B
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11. No written language possessed by the people.